

SPORTS

A large, dark, spherical blimp dominates the upper two-thirds of the frame. It has a ribbed texture and is marked with "USA" on the left and "N9073H" on the right. A basket of people is suspended below it by ropes, floating over a body of water under a cloudy sky.

ILLUSTRATED

MAY 9, 1955

28 CENTS



Where else could this new idea in Sportswear come from?

Where else but Palm Beach. It's in the Palm Beach tradition to point the way smart men will dress.

Our observers note the directions men's fashions are taking in places where styles originate—ranging from Continental Europe to Palm Beach, U.S.A. Out of this knowledge and their own inspiration, Palm Beach designers developed the Palm Beach Tailored Sportswear seen on the smiling gentleman above. You'll find the Resortweave blazer a particularly apt answer to

"What's new and smart?" for it recognizes the fact that few men wish to drop their dignity when they don their sportswear.

Like the Palm Beach slacks and shirt illustrated, every item in this sportswear offers keyed colors that are fully compatible. Meticulously tailored with the care that fine fabrics deserve, they show a devotion to craftsmanship seldom seen in this hurried age. We hope you'll take occasion to see this Palm Beach Sportswear at better department and men's stores everywhere.

Resortweave Blazer \$38.00. Sport Shirts \$6.95 to \$10.95. Slacks \$7.95 to \$14.95.

PALM BEACH FABRIC CONTAINS MOHAIR, RAYON, ACETATE AND NYLON. IN MOST STYLES. RESORTWEAVE FABRIC CONTAINS WOOL AND MOHAIR. RAYON AND ACETATE SPORT SHIRTS ARE 100% EGYPTIAN COTTON.



B. F. Goodrich

Traction Express tires give truck owners more than 100,000 miles of service



HOGUE FREIGHT LINES Operations Manager D. L. May (left) writes, "B. F. Goodrich Traction Express tires give us a 100% increase in power wheel mileage."



A. JOSEPH & CO. Owner W. F. Joseph (right) says, "Traction Express tires give us about 100,000 miles on the original tread—sometimes even more!"

HOGUE FREIGHT LINES operates 60 tractors, 17 cement tanks and 85 flat trailers out of Dearborn, Michigan. Trucks operate on 'round-the-clock' schedules hauling loads as heavy as 32 tons. Operations Manager D. L. May (left, top photo) writes: "B. F. Goodrich Traction Express tires give us 100% increase in power wheel mileage. Present service on the original set is way beyond 100,000 miles."

A similar report comes from W. P. Joseph (right, bottom photo), owner of A. Joseph & Co. of Jackson, Miss. He says: "We get about 100,000 miles on the original tread—sometimes even more!"

These reports are not unusual—truck operators all over the country call the B. F. Goodrich Traction Express "the 100,000-mile tire."

All-Nylon body

The Traction Express is built with an *all-nylon* cord body. Nylon is stronger than ordinary cord materials, withstands double the impact and resists heat blow-outs and flex breaks. The *all-nylon* Traction Express tire body outwears even the extra-thick tread—up to 45% thicker than that of an ordinary tire—*can still be re-capped over and over!*

See *all-nylon* Traction Express tires today at your B. F. Goodrich retailer's (rayon construction at lower prices). The address is listed under Tires in the Yellow Pages of your phone book. Or write: The B. F. Goodrich Co., Tire & Equipment Division, Akron 18, Ohio.

Specify B. F. Goodrich tires when ordering new trucks



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PHILCO®

Every detail, from the "custom look" of the stitching to the richness of that genuine top grain cowhide leather case tells you the new Philco 655 is rugged as all outdoors! Handsome durability matched by amazing new "pull-in" power and tone quality. The leather case is specially engineered to snap open for easy changeover from AC-DC to batteries. No portable can touch it at a sensational **\$39.95*** (Suggested)

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Hear Johnny Desmond... star of "Philco Program Time" Saturdays 11:30 to 11:55 A.M. Mutual Radio Network

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COVER: Balloonists over Transylvania

Photograph by CURT GUNTHER

The sport of ballooning, here being enjoyed to its fullest by members of the Balloon Club of America, is one of the few participant sports which are in some danger of dying. The diehards in this particular instance are dangling a good 4,000 feet above the eastern Pennsylvania town of Valley Forge, where another diehard, George Washington, defied the British at about the same time the first balloonists were defying the law of gravity. For more on ballooning, past and present, turn to page 16.

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IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

WILLIAM FAULKNER AT THE DERBY The Pulitzer Prizewinner's eye-witness report

INSIDE BASEBALL Introducing the lost word in baseball strategy by Orioles Manager PAUL RICHARDS

HOW BIRDS CHANGE COLOR Paintings by ARTHUR SINGER plus an article by FARLEY MOWAT

TENZING: TIGER OF EVEREST—PART IV

SCOREBOARD A ROUNDUP OF THE WEEK'S NEWS

RECORD BREAKERS

● **Stirling Moss**, 24-year-old daredevil Briton, gunned his Mercedes Silver Bullet over hazardous, twisting 99.2-mile route in 10:07.48 for average speed of 87.96 mph and new record, out-dusted Argentine Juan Manuel Fangio, who finished second in another Mercedes, and Italy's Umberto Maglioli, third in Ferrari, to win perilous Mille Miglia road race at Brescia, Italy. Old record: 87.96 mph set by Italy's Giannino Marzotto in

1953 and broken by first three finishers. ● **Heliopsis**, William G. Hells Jr.'s four-year-old long-striding bay son of Heliopsis, broke in front at start, beat things his own way until Joe Jones made desperate bid, then responded to urging of jockey Samany Basimatis with last-second surge to win by nose, set new track record of 1:46 2/5 for mile and 70 yards while taking \$28,750 Valley Forge Handicap at Garden State Park, Camden, N.J.

BASEBALL

Cleveland Indians won five out of six, forged into first place in American League on superb pitching of Veterans **Bob Lemon** and **Bob Feller** and Rookie **Herb Score**. **Lemon** beat Washington 3-2, **Baltimore** 5-2, became first major leaguer to win five games. **Thirty-six-year-old Feller** buried 12th one-hitter of career, blanked Boston 2-0 in first game of Sunday doubleheader while **Score** fanned 16, two short of Feller's major league record, whipped Red Sox 2-1 in nightcap, kept Indians 1½ game ahead of bunched-up New York Yankees, Detroit Tigers and Chicago White Sox.

Detroit, stoked by Outfielder **Al Kaline**'s 14-game hitting streak (halted by Washington), rolled over Baltimore and Washington for seven straight before bowing to New York's **Bob Turley** 4-1. Victory was second of week, fourth of season for **Bullet Bob**, who also blanked Chicago 5-0 with superb one-hitter. **Kansas City's Bobby Shantz** took big step on comeback trail, shut out Yankees 6-0 with three hits as Athletics bounced into fifth place with four triumphs in five games.

Brooklyn Dodgers continued to set merry pace in National League, got good pitching from **Billy Lee**, **Carl Erskine**, **Clem Labine**, **Russ Meyer**, **Reiseler Ed Roebuck**, power hitting from **Carl Furillo**, who belted homer No. 7, and **Duke Snider**, who hit No. 6, outscored Cincinnati 7-2, Chicago 4-2, 7-5, Milwaukee 3-4, pulled 5½ games ahead of second-place St. Louis Cardinals.

New York Giants' Johnny Antonelli supplied week's best pitching, beat Milwaukee 3-2 on three-hitter, then hurled six-hit 16-inning 2-1 win over Cincinnati in game featured by 10 double plays, **Bill Taylor's** pinch-hit, game-winning single.

Cincinnati punished Pittsburgh Pirates 3-2, 5-0, ended six-game losing streak but remained in last place.

Cincinnati and **Philadelphia** pulled off major trade, Reds sending Outfielders **Jim Greenburg** and **Glen Gorbous**, Catcher **Andy Semick** to Phillies for Catcher **Forrest (Sonny) Burgess**, Pitcher **Siere Ridsak**, Outfielder **Stan Palys**.

HORSE RACING

Golden Land, Andy Crevolin's three-year-old son of Bull Lea, got smart ride from jockey Ray York, pulled away in late stages after taking command at half-way mark, scored three-length victory in \$50,000 Golden Gate Derby at Golden Gate Fields, Albany, Calif.

Racing Fool came on with rush, outran Jean's Joe in exciting stretch duel, took first money in \$35,250 Blue Grass Stakes, prep

for Kentucky Derby, at Keeneland, Ky.

Nene's Lad, 13-1 long shot, and Informant, who won last two times out, exploded myth of Boston Doge's invincibility, handed Paul Anoline's leghorn colt first defeat after 19 straight victories in \$25,500 Swift Stakes at Belmont Park, N.Y.

Suaps, Rex C. Ellsworth's homebred chestnut colt fresh from successful campaign in California, with Willie Shoemaker up, flashed to easy 8½-length win in six-furlong Jefferson Purse at Churchill Downs, heartened horse players who have made him third choice behind **Nashua** and **Summer Tan** in Kentucky Derby.

One Babu staged great uphill run in last furlong, nipped favored **Tamersine** by neck in 147th running of 2,000 Guineas Stakes, first of Britain's classic races for three-year-olds, before Queen Elizabeth and 75,000 fans at Newmarket, England.

LACROSSE

University of Maryland's **Dick Corrigan** converted lead from **Charlie Wicker** into his fourth goal in closing minutes to give unbeaten Terps 5-8 win over Navy in rugged battle at Annapolis, Md., ending 19-game Middle winning streak and virtually assuring Maryland national championship.

ROWING

Navy's smooth-rowing newcomers maintained steady cadence most of way, picked up beat to 39 near finish, overcame Cornell's late challenge, won 31st consecutive victory in last 8:55 for 1½ miles in Goes Trophy regatta at Annapolis, Md. **Cornell** was first in junior varsity, freshman races.

Penn responded to **Fred Lane's** powerful stroking, staged tremendous closing sprint against wind on choppy Harlem River, nosed out Yale, beat Columbia by two lengths to take two-mile Blackwell Cup regatta in 10:40.4 at New York. **Talented Penn** crewmen also finished on top in three other races, tied Yale in freshman heavyweight event.

Wisconsin, ineligible for Compton Cup, edged Harvard by less than deck length at Cambridge, Mass. but **Canaba** won trophy for 13th time in 23-year-old competition.

TRACK AND FIELD

Wes Santee failed in bid to crack four-minute mile but raced to easy 4:08.4 victory in Drake Relays at Des Moines, bettered meet record of 4:14.5.

Manhattan romped off with top honors in Penn Relays at Philadelphia, winning four-mile, shuttle hurdles, 880-yard, Metropolitan events while **Villanova** cracked fee with pair of victories in mile and sprint medley relays. **Syracuse** took two-mile crown; **Morgan State** was first in 440-yard race; **NYU** captured distance medley.

Duke's Joel Shankle was individual star with double victory in record (0:14.1) 120-yard high hurdles and broad jump.

University of Texas quartet of **Dean Smith**, **Al Friesen**, **Jerry Prewitt** and **Bobby Whidden** sprang 440-yard relay in 0:40.5 in Quadrangular meet at Dallas, equaled world record set by Southern California in 1938 and tied twice by Texas last year.

COURT TENNIS

James Dear of England outstruck Jack Johnson of New York 7-5 in second half of home-and-home series at London after losing 7-4 in New York, succeeded 60-year-old **Pierre Echbacher**, who retired after 26-year reign, as world open champion.

HUNT RACING

Linda Corner, Mrs. William J. Strawbridge's 11-year-old pelding, ran away from rest of field after favored **Marched** fell at 18th fence, romped to eight-length victory in 8:52 in four-mile Maryland Hunt Cup at Shawan, Md.

GOLF

Gene Littler, diminutive, steady-swinging Palm Springs, Calif. pro, overcame rain, strong winds, fired par 72 on final 18 holes for 280 total, finished 13 strokes ahead of **Bob Toski** of Livingston, N.J., **Jerry Barber** of Los Angeles and **Pete Cooper** of Birmingham, Mich. to grab \$10,000 first prize in rich Tournament of Champions at Las Vegas, Nev. Victory also was worth \$79,200 to **Crooner Frankie Laine**, who "bought" Littler in Calcutta pool.

Babe Zaharias, long-bitting veteran who came back after cancer operation, rallied to par last two holes, broke tie with **Marilynn Smith** of Wichita, Kan., 293 to 295, to win Peach Blossom-Betsy Rawls tournament at Spartanburg, S.C.

BOXING

Johnny Holman, run-of-the-mill Chicago heavyweight whose only claim to fame was knockout victory over **Charles Brion**, felled over-the-hill **Exzard Cesar** in first round, again in ninth with vicious two-fisted attack, had former heavyweight king reeling when Referee **Eddie Coachman** stopped fight at Miami Beach. **Holman** jumped to No. 5 in *The Ring* magazine ratings, promptly challenged **Rocky Marciano** to title fight; **Charles** dropped to sixth, announced intention to continue fighting.

Cleo Andrade, Los Angeles lightweight hopeful, staggered **Lauro Salas** twice with powerful rights to head in fifth round, went on to win 10-round decision over ex-champion at Los Angeles, avenged defeat suffered two months ago.

Randy Turpin, former world middleweight titleholder, scored second-round KO

over Alex Buxton, won British light heavy-weight crown at London.

AUTO RACING

Glenn (Fireball) Roberts, Daytona Beach speed demon, pushed his Cadillac-powered Chevrolet at average speed of 190.58 mph, beat Curtis Turner of Roanoke, Va. by 27 seconds in NASCAR 200-mile modified stock car race at Darlington, S.C. Bill Wadsworth of Midland, N.C. was third but set new record of 113.976 mph with Cadillac-powered Chevrolet in time trials.

POLO

Squadron A, led by Jack Ivory, hard-driving No. 2 who was named most valuable player, and Phil Brady, who scored six goals, upset favored NYAC trio 11-8, won national senior indoor title in New York.

BOWLING

Hotel Spaniel of St. Cloud, Minn. ripped off 3,981 series, moved into second place in ABC tournament at Ft. Wayne, Ind. Puffer's Hero of Detroit held team lead with 1,138. Other leaders at halfway mark: Singles, Eddie Gerstle of Milwaukee with 738; doubles, Harry Zoeller and George Pacopis of Wilkes Barre, Pa. with 1,365; all-events, Fred Bajack of Detroit with 1,963.

MILEPOSTS

BORN—To Wes Santee, fast-talking, fast-running Kansas miler who set U.S. outdoor record of 4:09.0 in April, and Mrs. Santee; a son, their first child, at Lawrence, Kan.

BORN—To Fortune Gordien, discus-throwing champion, holder of world record, and Mrs. Gordien; twin boys, their second and third children, at Portland, Ore.

HONORED—Hans (Hans) Wagner, 61-year-old Flying Dutchman whose bow-legged batting stance terrified National League pitchers in 21-year career (1897-1917) with Louisville and Pittsburgh, generally acclaimed as game's greatest shortstop, manager, coach; by dedication of 20-foot-high, 40-ton statue erected by fans and admirers, at Pittsburgh.

HONORED—Lt. Richard Shea, former West-Point track star, three-time IC4A cross-country champion, killed in action in Korea July 5, 1953 while repelling Communist "suicide attack"; posthumously awarded Congressional Medal of Honor, at Washington, D.C.

DIED—Mike Nazarek, 32, of North Baltimore, N.Y., veteran auto racing driver, runner-up in 1951 Indianapolis "500"; of injuries received when his Offenhauser crashed into fence during AAA race at Langhorne, Pa. Speedway day after he set record of 3:22.36 for six one-mile laps.

DIED—Hannes Schneider, 64, world's foremost ski meiser, credited with development of Aerial technique, teacher of royalty; of heart attack, at North Conway, N.H. Austrian-born Schneider began career as mountain climber and skier in St. Anton am Arlberg, was exiled to Garmisch-Partenkirchen by Nazis in 1938, came to America in 1939, operated famed ski school at Eastern Slope Inn in North Conway.

MAJOR LEAGUE BASEBALL (Week Ending May 1)

AMERICAN LEAGUE

5	Cleveland	Washington	Baltimore	Boston
W 5, L 1	2-2, 6-5	2-5, 5-2	2-0, 3-1	
Sets: 11-8				
Pts: 6-7				
6	New York	Chicago	Kansas City	Detroit
W 3, L 2	5-0, 4-33	4-1, 5-6	4-1	
Sets: 16-8				
Pts: 8-5				
7	Chicago	New York	Boston	Baltimore
W 4, L 1	5-3, 13-4	1-3, 7-9	6-3, 6-3	
Sets: 18-8		2-3		
Pts: 8-5				
8	Detroit	Baltimore	Washington	New York
W 5, L 1	2-2, 11-3	4-1, 3-2	1-6	
Sets: 16-8		11-7		
Pts: 8-5				
9	Kansas City	Boston	New York	Washington
W 4, L 1	2-7, 6-2	4-11, 4-0	16-10	
Sets: 7-8				
Pts: 6-7				
10	Boston	Kansas City	Chicago	Cleveland
W 1, L 6	7-8, 2-8	3-5, 9-7	6-2, 1-2	
Sets: 8-10				
Pts: 4-6				
11	Washington	Cleveland	Detroit	Kansas City
W-0, L-4	2-3, 5-8	1-4, 3-3	10-18	
Sets: 5-11		7-11		
Pts: 3-3				
12	Baltimore	Detroit	Cleveland	Chicago
W 5, L 2	2-3, 3-11	5-5, 2-3	9-8, 3-4	
Sets: 9-12				
Pts: 2-7				

**JIMMY JEMAIL'S
HOTBOX**



JIMMY JEMAIL

The Question:

As a rider, which do you consider the best track for horse racing in the country? The worst? (Asked of jockeys.)

JIM GARGEMIE, Astoria, N.Y.

Burgess Stable



"The best tracks are Belmont, Hialeah and Saratoga. I like the wide, sweeping turns. Rails are easier to ride. The worst is Bowie.

It's a narrow track with very sharp turns. On a wet day it's deep on the inside and faster on the outside, so all jockeys jam trying to run the outside."

JIM NICHOLS, Las Cruces, N.M.

Freelance



"Belmont Park is the best by far. Everything is perfect—it's just a wonderful plant. The big wide track is great for horses. They

enjoy racing on it. So do I. Tropical Park is the worst for riders. The afternoon sun bite you right in the eyes. They've had some bad falls because you just can't see."

JIM DEL VECCHIO, Mt. Vernon, N.Y.

John Maffei Stable



"I haven't ridden them all. Belmont and Hialeah are the best I've raced on. There's more room to ride and the tracks have a better

cushion. The worst is Bowie. When muddy, it's too soft and full of holes. It's dangerous for horses and riders. There are too many falls on that track."

ERIC GUERIN, New Orleans, La.

Alfred Gwynne
Vanderbilt stable



"Jamaica has the best riding surface. Last year they put a new surface on the track at Saratoga. It's now on a par with Jamaica.

When I rode on the Santa Anita track I thought it was the worst. I dislike it more than any other. It's very hard when dry. When muddy, it doesn't dry out fast."

BILL BOLAND, Corpus Christi, Texas

Freelance



"Belmont Park. It's ideal. I don't see what they can do to improve the track. I love to race there. I'd also like to say a good word for

Santa Anita. It's a lightning-fast track. The worst is Tropical Park. The sun blinds you. When you have a combination of mud and sun it's dangerous."

DOUG OGDON, Miami, Fla.

Freelance



"Belmont Park has the best track. It's wide and wonderful. Riders seldom hunch and jam. Churchill Downs is the worst track in

the country. It's caggy. In spots, the ground gives too much under a horse. There are many paths across the track. I had a horse break a leg on one of those paths."

TED ATKINSON, Old Westbury, N.Y.

Greenlee Farm



"Belmont Park is the standout. Track speed doesn't vary more than 1½ seconds in any weather. Tropical Park is the worst. It

seems almost round, making it impossible to plan and run a race as I would like. The sun hits your eyes at the finish just when you should have your best vision."

GEORGE GLASSNER, Louisville, Ky.

Nelson Aibel Stable



"Hialeah has as good a running surface as any. It's well laid out. You can see perfectly. The flamings give me a lift. How fast can a

flamingo go? Not as fast as I can. Narragansett is the best track in New England and Dawd Park in Kentucky is the worst in the country."

PETE (The Clock) ANDERSON,
St. James, N.Y.
Freelance



"Belmont. A rider's opinion is bound to be influenced by the luck he has had. But Belmont gets the nod for its fine track and size."

The Jamaica track has a good riding surface. I don't particularly like Tropical Park, but all the tracks are wonderful. I make my living on them."

DOM BRUMFIELD, Lexington, Ky.
Brumfield Public Stables



"In my experience in six states, I think Hialeah has the best running track. I like it because I don't have to break going into the turn. I also like Monmouth Park. It's laid out well. The worst track? Honestly, I can't say. I like to ride and I have no fault to find with any track."

HEDLEY WOODHOUSE,
Miami Springs, Fla.
Freelance



"Hialeah used to be the best. But they've been planting soy bean crops on the track and plowing it in. When muddy the track is only. It doesn't dry out fast. When it packs, big clots hit my face from the boots in front. Garden State has the best track. The worst is at Gulfstream."

NEXT WEEK'S QUESTION:

Nat Fleischer says Jack Johnson was the best heavyweight boxer of all time? Do you agree?



The 4th at Meadowbrook, Detroit, Mich., 450 yards, par 4

Here you need the accuracy of new '55 clubs

When you hit from the elevated tee on Meadowbrook's 4th . . . 450 yards of narrow fairway with trouble on both sides . . . you need the added accuracy that leading manufacturers are building into their new clubs—thanks in part to a new golf shaft development by True Temper.

The new Rocket shaft by True Temper is made of special boron alloy steel, stronger without increase in weight. Uniform wall thickness and weight distribution bring you amazing power and direction control.

If you're interested in playing better golf ask your pro to fit your style of swing with Rocket-shafted clubs of proper length and flexibility . . . then *FEEL* the difference.

While you're at it . . . look at your pro's clubs . . . odds are 98 to 1 he uses True Temper shafts, too.



Look for the
True Temper brand
on the band

TRUE TEMPER GOLF SHAFTS

True Temper, famous for finest quality, in fishing tackle, farm, garden, home and industrial tools.

MEMO FROM THE PUBLISHER

TWO FEATURES in this issue point out especially well, I think, how SPORTS ILLUSTRATED each week opens different windows on sport. Our SPECTACLE evokes the serene and almost timeless world which beguiles the small corps of dedicated balloonists in the U.S. And our Kentucky Derby PREVIEW authoritatively sets the scene for the event which, on one Saturday afternoon each year, completely grips millions of the nation's sports fans.

If your experience is at all like mine, you have never seen a balloon in action. But when I saw the first proofs of our balloon pictures, curiosity led me to look up something about the earliest days. The first hydrogen-filled balloon, I learned, went up in Paris in 1783. Although it carried no passengers, it played to a crowd of thousands, which filled every possible vantage point to watch the wondrous experiment.

One historian of the event wrote: *The heavy rain which descended as the globe rose did not impede it and tended to increase surprise. The idea that a body leaving the earth was traveling in space was so sublime and appeared to differ so greatly from ordinary laws that all the spectators were overwhelmed with enthusiasm.*

In some ways times have changed. Today an air-minded age tends to regard bodies traveling in space rather matter-of-factly, and ballooning as a spectator sport plays to a fairly limited audience. But I think our photographs—in capturing the "sublime" character of ballooning—reveal the lasting attraction of this sport for readers who may never have the chance to experience it directly.

The Kentucky Derby, a spectator sport more popular than ever in an atmosphere far from serene or sublime, is another matter. The once-in-a-lifetime quality of its excitement comes around once a year. And SI's PREVIEW and next week's report on the running will add to that once-in-a-lifetime atmosphere for those readers at Churchill Downs this Saturday and those not with the extra depth and dimension which characterize our coverage of great sports events all year round.

Ballooning and the Derby may be at opposite ends of the world of sport. SPORTS ILLUSTRATED makes them equally clear and visible through words and pictures which are creating a new language of sports reporting.

Harry Phillips



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OUTBOARD MOTORS



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MERC-ELECTRIC

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4 Cylinders in Line
Alternate Firing
Thunderbolt Engine

- Crankcase pump collecting water, if water enters
- New Dyna Fuel System—better carburetor (no jets)
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- Exhaust, Muffler and Reverse
- New Dual Tare Gate Components

A four is found to be better!

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The Silent-Ride Safety-Grip Tread is scientifically designed for quiet running. Instead of adding spindles to the tread as an "after thought," the outer grooves are stabilized by the elements of the tread itself, thereby eliminating the cause of squealing on turns. Furthermore, the traction elements in the tread overlap each other, which prevents annoying whining and humming on the road, even on wet pavements and on wet brick.



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The new Firestone De Luxe Champion Tubeless Tire absorbs bumps and road shocks which conventional tires transmit to the frame and body of the car and thus to you and your passengers. It provides a super-soft cushion of rubber and air which helps smooth out even the roughest roads. It makes steering easier . . . and it has an extra-tough Carb Rib which protects where sidewalls against damage and scuffing and preserves the beauty of the tire.



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The new Silent-Ride Safety-Grip Tread provides greater protection against skidding and side-slips and greater traction than any other tire on the market except, of course, special winter tires. The tread elements are scientifically angled for maximum skid resistance in all directions and for utmost traction. The new Firestone De Luxe Champion Tubeless Tire has more inches of non-skid edges than any other tire of similar type and price.



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Every part of this amazing new tire is built for long, trouble-free mileage. The Silent-Ride Safety-Grip Tread is made of extra-tough, wear-resistant rubber. It is road-level flat for maximum contact with the road and utmost mileage. The Safety-Tensioned Gum-Dipped Cord Body is locked or "set" so that it cannot expand or "grow" and cause the tread to crack and separate, thereby ruining the tire. It is so strong it can be retreaded again and again.

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EVENTS &
DISCOVERIES

Horse race impromptu • Last round for Henry • Flies
for the trout vote • Tennis temperament • All's well
at Fenway Park • Society slugger • The Derby choice

ROYAL SPRINT

FORTY WORKMEN busily painting the royal stand at Ascot for the coming meeting downed brushes to watch the most distinguished—if impromptu—horse race of the current season. The participants: Queen Elizabeth and Princess Margaret.

Unannounced, the queen and the princess, in riding habits and bright colored head scarves, entered the Ascot course through the gate from nearby Windsor Castle. They walked their jet-black horses out to the Royal Mile Course and were away at a gallop.

"It was a dingdong battle," reported a workman spectator later, "but with about 30 yards to go Princess Margaret's horse went to the front and won by three lengths. They both rode beautifully."

DIRTY BUSINESS (CONT.)

THREE YEARS ago no less an authority than Joe Louis was talking about Clarence Henry, a young heavy-weight, as "a coming champion." But Henry got his biggest headlines a year ago June when he was caught trying to persuade Irving (Bobby) Jones, a middleweight, to take a bribe of \$15,000 and lose to Joey Giardello. In the intervening months New York District Attorney Frank S. Hogan's detectives have been investigating. In February they got a plea of guilty from Henry. They described Henry as "cooperative" but complained that corroborative evidence as to higher-ups was lacking.

Presumption: Henry had named the

higher-ups. Upshot: Henry got a suspended sentence, with the judge expressing belief that he was "the tool of some other slimy creature" unmentioned.

This would never satisfy Mickey Spillane's Mike Hammer. He would know what to do next.

FIT TO BE TIED

FIELD MAMMALOGIST Bill Schaldach of the Dartmouth College Museum is not the type of fellow who would ordinarily find himself meshing cogs with big wheels of government. Bill has a decent, layman's interest in politics, but in the decade since he was a Dartmouth undergraduate he has devoted himself to the collection of small

mammals—mostly, to be blunt about it, shrews. A fellow who collects shrews doesn't get down to Washington very often; the trapping is better in Mexico, Arizona and northern Greenland. A few days ago, however, Bill found himself engaged in a delicate mission which may have important repercussions in the White House itself.

Bill, it should be explained, is a fine, amateur flytier. It should further be explained that the sports department manager of the Dartmouth cooperative store, Stan Starzyk by name, is aware of his prowess. Starzyk is a friend of New Hampshire's ex-Governor Sherman Adams, now a top White

continued on next page

CURRENT WEEK & WHAT'S AHEAD

Toy Pitcher Bobby Shantz (crippled by injuries for two long years) miraculously regained his old-time form and sent 33,471 Kansas City fans home in a state of near-hysteria by **beating the Yankees 6-0** in his first shutout since 1952 . . . Meanwhile, other American League pitchers accomplished less dramatic but more pointed feats: the Yankees' fast-balling **Bob Turley** threw the season's first one-hitter against Chicago, and Cleveland's aging **Bob Feller** threw the second (and his 12th) against Boston. Then, in the next game of the doubleheader, **Herb Score**, newest member of the Indians' pitching staff, fanned 16 Red Sox batters to win 2-1 . . . Race cars of radical design (two with enclosed cockpits) will challenge the stereotyped but long-successful herd of conventional Indianapolis iron in the **Memorial Day 500** . . . Navy's never-say-die crew made it 31 straight with a 6-foot victory over favored Cornell but (note for the future) rowed 33 and 40 to Cornell's 39 and 33 to do it . . . Favored **Bossie Dege**, winner of 10 straight hand-picked races, finally got his comeuppance and **finished third** in the Swift Stakes at Belmont . . . **Thirteen thousand people** (biggest crowd in lacrosse history) jostled into Thompson Stadium at Annapolis to watch Maryland beat Navy's national champion 9-8 . . . The NCAA mullied the sins of U.S. football colleges and slapped the wrists of a few: the University of Cincinnati was banned from NCAA competition for a year, and the University of Oklahoma was given two years of probation . . . Ex-heavyweight Champ **Ezzard Charles** was **punched into limbo** (in the ninth, at Miami Beach) by an unknown and awkward Chicago belter named **John Holman**; at Las Vegas, however, **Light Heavyweight Champion Archie Moore** (38 years old and gross at 196½ pounds) **upheld the old guard** with a victory over Heavyweight Contender **Nino Valdes**.

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

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House aide, is, of course, a friend of President Eisenhower. When Staryk heard that Adams had high hopes of taking Ike fishing on a stream near Lincoln, N.H. in June, he called on Bill instantly. The State of New Hampshire, Staryk felt, should equip the distinguished anglers with a pair of distinctive fly patterns. Would Bill consent to tie them?

Bill was delighted to do so. In fact, he agreed to appear for a demonstration in the cooperative store, arrived laden with furs, feathers, hooks and vise, and promptly whipped up the West Pointer (featuring military gray feathers) and the Adams' Rock (tied with New Hampshire barred rock chicken feathers). "I thought of calling them 'Ike' and 'Sherm' at first," said Bill, "but I decided I'd better not."

With the West Pointer and the Adams' Rock conceived and manufactured, Bill looked up and discovered a square and imposing man watching him work. "Are these special flies?" the stranger asked. Bill admitted they were and explained why. "Good," said his auditor. "Fine Republican names. How about making three of each for me?" He scribbled a sizable check—thus making Bill a pro on the spot—and passed it over with his card, which read: "Sen. Ralph Flanders, 311 Senate Office Building, Washington, D.C."

What happens to Bill from now on is strictly up to the trout. But news travels fast in Washington. If the President, his top aide and the senator all start catching fish, pressure from the national capital might force Bill to forsake shrews altogether and to go on and on inventing new flies—the Treasure Dun, the Foggy Bottom Belle, the Election Night Streamer, the Upright Constituent, the Embassy Reception Nymph, the Invisible Fellow Traveler (to be fished with a Baited Witness) and perhaps, at least until 1956, even a few Blue Democrats.

A MATTER OF MANNERS

QUITE OBVIOUSLY, the championship tennis court will never replace the finishing school as a place to learn good manners. Although in tennis the snarl, the sneer and the sulk are as much a part of the champion's equipment as catgut, Art Larsen, the 1950 U.S. champion, is in a class by himself when it comes to tantrums. If things are going badly for him, Larsen chivvies the ball boys, hurls his racket, glares at

lineamen, disputes the umpire and puts on a fine imitation of Humphrey Bogart at bay. Larsen's apologists will tell you this is due to a psychopathic hangover from his harrowing wartime experiences as an infantryman and that he originally took up big-time tennis as therapy. That may well be, but he is still not a pretty sight when he is losing.

This spring Larsen has been campaigning in European tennis and undoing about a billion or two dollars' worth of Marshall Plan good will. Reaching Genoa and playing on the losing side of a doubles match, he focused his pique on a 13-year-old Italian ball boy who had been scurrying about the court a bit too enthusiastically. Finally he banged a ball in the boy's direction, and the lad scampered away in tears.

By the time the press got hold of the incident and put it on the overseas wire, Larsen was reported as having struck the child in the face with the ball. Reading the story in New York, the U.S. Lawn Tennis Association sensibly forbade him to play in any more matches (under penalty of losing his expense money) until a full airmail report was submitted for study. Gloom hung heavy over Larsen and the promoters of a tournament in Rome, where the temperamental Californian was to be a big attraction.

Overnight the Italians, who wanted to see more of Larsen (and are not above an occasional tantrum themselves), were dismissing the Genoa incident as "minor." It was pointed out that even the Genoa fans felt Larsen had acted with some justification, and had applauded him at the end of the match. The USLTA was left with only

one friend in Italy—the Communist daily, *L'Unità*, which declared, "The decision is sacrosanct and redounds to the honor of the sport."

All this later hubbub ignored one major point: if the USLTA discipline is not too late to help Larsen's court manners, it is at least long overdue.

THRONEBERRY, LF

THESE LARGE, left-field shoes of Ted Williams have proved, so far this season, a snug fit for a 23-year-old, 185-pound six-footer named Faye Throneberry who returned to the Boston Red Sox this spring after two years in service. With the incomparable Ted sticking to his fishing in Florida, Throneberry has made even the most rabid Williams admirers concede that all is well in left for the present. Items: Throneberry's batting average of .328, his 17 runs batted in, his sparkling defensive play, his great throwing arm.

In appearance, Throneberry reminds some people of Marlon Brando and others of Montgomery Clift, but he reminds himself of nobody but a Memphis-born boy named Faye Throneberry. He makes a particular point of that because he has studiously avoided thinking of himself as a Ted Williams replacement. "I try not to think of Ted at all," draws Tennessee Faye. "When the season opened, I knew Jensen and Piersall had center and right sewed up. So I figured I'd just hustle and do the best I could and not worry."

Hasn't it been any strain at all, juggling in for Ted?

"Nope," said Throneberry, "there's never any strain when you're getting those base hits. I'm glad I started hitting good right off, though. Those wolves in Fenway Park can get on you pretty fast. But when I started hitting pretty good, they were for me. They've been real nice."

Can he keep up the pace?

Throneberry shifted his cud of tobacco and shook his head.

"Let's face it," he said, "the days of the .400 hitter are gone. I got nowhere to go but down. But I'm not worried about a slump. What I do in a slump is like Stan Musial. I punt my way out. I just start draggin', usually once in a game anyway, until I start getting those blows again. One time, when I was with the Sox in '52, I dragged nine times before I got thrown out."

Throneberry, married and the father of a six-months-old daughter named Sherry Lee, doesn't bother to correct



COXSWAIN

*Straining oarsmen,
Nearly spent,
Angrily stare at the
Little gal.*

*They're slaving,
He's gabbin'
And taking the voyage
First cabin.*

—Barney Hutchison

people who call him "Thorneberry." Boston Manager Mike Higgins does, and, of course, so does Casey Stengel. Casey is interested in the family because the Yanks have Faye's brother, Marvin, on their farm club at Denver. "I just hope," says Stengel, "this Thorneberry's brother can hit a ball as far as he can."

On May 11, Joe Cronin, general manager of the Red Sox, will have to cut his squad to 25 players. He's expected to keep Ted Williams on the active list even if there is no sign of his return.

There is no replacement for Ted Williams as a box office draw. But if Ted is out all season things aren't likely to be too bad for the Red Sox as long as the lineup reads: "Thorneberry, if." Or rather, *Thorneberry*.

THE HAPPY MILLIONAIRE

IN A DAY when those who knew boxing best respected it as a sport, Anthony J. Drexel Biddle (Sr.) grew up to be its greatest amateur and, for all that he was a Philadelphia society figure, to earn the friendship and admiration of Ruby Robert Fitzsimmons, Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, Jim Corbett and many another master. He was a judge at the Dempsey-Willard fight. He gave Gene Tunney, a fellow Marine, his first boxing lessons. He was one of the Forty (more or less) Millionaires (more or less) who joined Tex Rickard in building Madison Square Garden. He was first president of the International Sporting Club—not to be confused with the International Boxing Club (James D. Norris, President)—and was a major factor in the re-establishment of boxing as a legal and, at that time, estimable sport.

During two world wars A. J. Drexel Biddle trained Marines in every sort of close combat—bayonet, jujitsu, judo, *defendu*, *scrute*—to such a peak of pitiless artfulness that much of their heroic success at Belleau Wood and Tarawa was officially recognized as his own.

Now his daughter, Cordelia Drexel Biddle, whom he taught with fatherly concern to throw a right cross and patch an eye out, has produced his biography, *My Philadelphia Father*, with the aid of Kyle Crichton. The book is described as "rollicking," and it is all of that, but the lady is clearly too modest in her estimation of the old man. In any less preoccupied age he would have been a hero for the classics. Taken just as a father image, A. J. Drexel Biddle makes Clarence Day's look like a lily-livered sissy.

In Biddle's day, boxing was the favorite sport of many a young society man.

"My grandfather, Edward Biddle," the author writes, "was a fine boxer and played tennis till his eightieth year. My uncle, Anthony J. Drexel, Jr., was a good boxer and all-around athlete. Father always said that Bernard Gimkel, still head of the great store chain, could have been a champion heavyweight; and Warren Harbour, late senator from New Jersey, was said to have been even better. Father naturally carried it to extremes. . . ."

One of his extremes, from the standpoint of Philadelphia society, was to hire out as a sparring partner for Jack Johnson. In those days fighters wanting to make a bit of change sat on a long bench at the training camp, hoping to be picked.

"The day Father went down," Miss Biddle (Mrs. T. Markoe Robertson) relates, "he thought he was going to sit on the bench forever. Jack was out in his gargantuan red roadster, showing his wife the sights of South Jersey. He finally came back in a happy

mood, changed slowly into his fighting clothes, and then looked over the row of martyrs.

"You, there, boy," he said to Father, making a gesture with his glove.

"They went two furious rounds, for Father never did anything otherwise. . . . The report is that Johnson, with his marvelous defensive skill, was content to keep father off, protesting at the same time, 'Now, you boy, there; don't get yourself stirred up.' But Father was always stirred up and Johnson finally had to fetch him a smart whack on the side of the head to settle him."

It did not settle him for long. He beat the French champion of *scrute*, a deadly style of combat which permits groin kicks, using only his punching ability. He roamed the apache quarters of Paris with a detective who showed him how to subdue a knife or gun wielder with only a bit of string for a weapon. By the time of Pearl Harbor, Tony Biddle was 67. There were a few older Marines around, though, who remembered the A. J. Drexel Biddle of

continued on next page



"Don't Vicente, if you are really a man you'll ask for a raise."

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

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World War I who, using a concept of athletic Christianity, had raised 40,000 men for service and sent many of them into war with an idea of what a bayonet could and was meant to do. He was recalled by the Marines as a colonel and put in charge of combat training.

His idea of training was to persuade genial young men that their job was to kill him before they could hope to kill the enemy. He encouraged them to try



and, at first, had to enrage them before they would. Afterward they were so confident of the old man's ability to fend them off that, with the best of intentions, they would really try to get past his guard.

Completely unarmed, he would face a naked bayonet, block the attack and not only disarm his opponent but, at the very least, show that he could injure him seriously. The worst that ever happened to him in bayonet work was a bad wrist cut (it hospitalized him for two months), but from boxing, jujitsu and such he sustained the loss of teeth, a temporary cauliflower ear and oddly twisted fingers.

His son, Tony Jr., who had been Ambassador to Poland at the outbreak of World War II and later helped thousands of Americans escape Nazi-occupied France, returned to the United States briefly from his European triumphs in 1943. Emerging from a fine New York hotel tub, he found his father in the living room waiting to greet him.

"I've got a new one," the father cried. "Just walk toward me and shake my hand."

Protesting a bit, the towel-wrapped ambassador advanced and shook his father's hand. He flew through the air, hit the wall with his head and was knocked cold. All he remembers is his father's shout:

"By George, it works!"

Toward the end of his life, in order to protect it, the Marine Corps retired the senior Biddle. J. Edgar Hoover of the FBI, whose men Biddle also had trained in hand-to-hand combat, put out a statement:

"Colonel Biddle will never be retired by the FBI."

His last great instinctive act was to jump off a subway platform to save

the life of a man who had tumbled over the edge. A few years later, in the spring of 1948, he died at 73. Fifteen years before, in a newspaper article, he had been described as "the happiest millionaire alive."

MARTINI: 12 TO 1

VISITORS to the Kentucky Derby this weekend may very well, at one time or another, find themselves at the bar of Louisville's celebrated Brown Hotel. There, almost certainly, they will be waited upon by a bartender named Flaherty. In fact the customer may be confronted by half a dozen bartenders named Flaherty, an experience which can be quite a jolt to an already overwrought nervous system.

Nervous jolts are not the intention of the brothers Flaherty, of course, who are concerned only with being good bartenders. Charles, 41, arose through the dishwasher, kitchen steward and hellboy ranks to his present position of bar manager. John, 32, joined the act in 1941; Roscoe, 31, in 1943; Thad, 33, in 1945 and Claude, 45, in 1950. Garland, the 22-year-old baby, came to Louisville from the family home in Rhodessa, Ky. last fall and is a regular bellboy. His only bar duties are on paging, but he is nursing the ambition to join his brothers.

Part of the Flaherty family charm

lies in a tribal ability to remember the client's favorite drink. Best at this is Roscoe, who frequently astonishes a visitor, even after a lapse of years, by remembering his name, his drink and probably his home town. This is not only flattering to the occasional visitor, it is profitable to regulars. Roscoe's mnemonic gift is the kind they can bet on—to win.

Since the buildup in bartending Flaherty's has been going on for some years now, they have become a minor Derby institution all by themselves. Nonetheless, they refuse to conform to any popular conception of what a Louisville bartender should be during the Battle of the Bluegrass. They don't drink. They are disinterested in horse racing and particularly in the Kentucky Derby. And they consider mint julep an inferior product of their craft.

As a matter of fact, the most popular drink in this sector of the traditional bourbon country is the Martini, the best-liked odds being 12 parts gin to one part vermouth.

"It is the favorite around here, even above bourbon and Scotch," Charlie will tell you as he swirls ice in a pitcher. The pitcher chilled, he throws out the ice before pouring in the gin and vermouth.

"The trick is," he cautions, "to get them cold and not keep them sitting. Martini is temperamental."

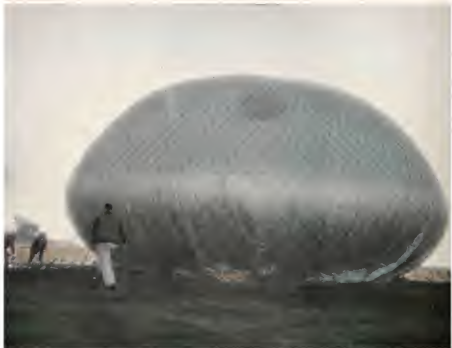
SPECTACLE

MUSHROOM GOING UP

The balloon is an ancient and simple thing, but it is still so full of fun it is making new friends in Philadelphia

The big blue shape on the opposite page—looking rather like a giant mushroom in a hairnet—is a balloon being inflated on the outskirts of Philadelphia for a day's sport (following pages). This balloon is operated by the two dozen members of the Balloon Club of America, the only active society of its kind in the U.S. Ballooning is such an old and simple sport, it would seem the thrill of it might soon wear off, but the club members have found plenty of new excitement riding through the eastern skies. They have raced against another balloon (another they own, for want of a better rival). They have played hares and hounds with sports car drivers, made water landings, and one crew was forced to parachute 4,200 feet when the balloon collapsed (SI, Nov. 8). To judge by the history of ballooning, these 20th century balloonists will never run out of excitement. For a look into some unusual ballooning adventures of the past, turn to page 21.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT BALME AND CURT GUNTHER



PREPARING FOR AN ASCENT, members of the Balloon Club of America spend four hours filling their 80,000-cubic-foot

balloon with cooking gas. As the balloon rises, the crew must continually reset sandbags to straighten the net and hold it down.

SAFELY AIRBORNE, Balloonist Francis Shields ties the red rip panel cord well away from the white valve cord. The rip cord is used only to release the gas suddenly after landing.



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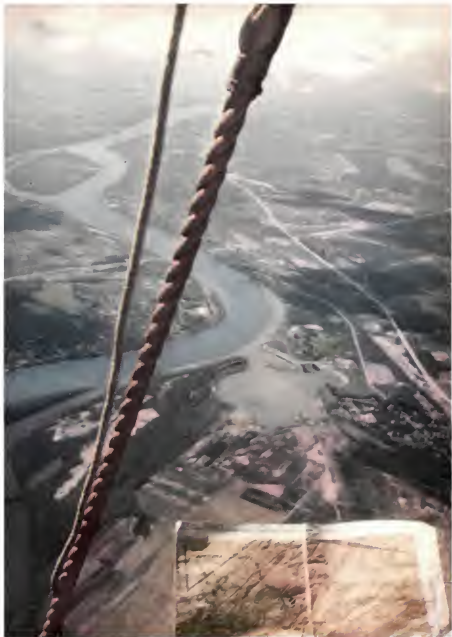


AT 4,000 FEET the balloon drifts across eastern Pennsylvania. Using cooking gas, which affords less than half the lift of helium but is much cheaper, a crew of four or five can travel all day for \$100.



LOGGING THEIR FLIGHT, Pilot Tony Fairbanks (left) and Francis Shields find that, since they ascended from Valley Forge, Pa., an hour ago, the balloon has been riding a steady 12-mph wind.

A FAMILIAR LANDMARK, the Delaware River south of Trenton, indicates a northeasterly course across New Jersey. Crew members know they probably must land within 50 miles to avoid the ocean.





RARE ILLUSION of a second, ghostly balloon in a haze of light sometimes startles novice balloonists. Called a "glory,"

and seen more often today from airplanes, the illusion is caused by refraction of light as the shadow passes over thin, misty clouds.

QUEEN & CLOWN OF THE AIR

With the invention of the balloon man first mastered the air.

Then he spent the next 100 years trying to master the balloon

by COLES PHINIZY



1785: BLANCHARD CROSSES ENGLISH CHANNEL

ACCORDING to the proud Greeks, the world's first aeronaut was Daedalus, and the first air fatality was his son Icarus who flew too high on makeshift wings and crashed in a mess of feathers. In the Middle Ages a number of brave men designed wings like the legendary Daedalus and leapt from towers. All of them plummeted, and it became obvious to learned observers that man could never fly merely by flapping in the air like a clipped chicken. A few speculated, however, that man might get off the ground if he could somehow capture and ride something lighter than air, for instance a fleecy, summer cloud.

The Russians, who of late have claimed the invention of almost everything except the wheel and minute rice, now insist that in 1781 a Russian, Fyodor Kryakutskoi, first trapped foul-smelling smoke in a bag and rode it as high as a birch tree. According to the rest of the world, however, the first conquerors of the air were the Montgolfier brothers of France, who invented the hot-air balloon in 1783.

The balloon was not only invented but virtually perfected in 1783. Only four months after the Montgolfiers sent up their first trial balloon unmanned, Pilatre de Rozier ascended in a larger, hot-air balloon to become the world's real first aeronaut. Before the year was out a Professor Charles had developed a hydrogen-filled balloon which was very similar in design to the one which the present day Balloon Club of America is shown filling and flying on the preceding pages.

When they saw the first balloons in the sky, Frenchmen were filled with excitement. In some cases it mounted to terror, as when a few peasants watched the first unmanned hydrogen balloon land, unheralded, near the village of Gonesse. First they stayed at pitchfork distance, stabbing the thing. As the hydrogen hissed out they fell upon it and beat it to death, and then, to make sure, they dragged it behind a horse.

Though a few at first doubted that the balloon could be put to practical use, many more were already scheming up sane and wild uses for it. In its first dozen years the

balloon became a tool of science, a weapon, a gaudy carnival clown, and a queen of sport, and it remained all these things for a century and a half, very much loved by almost all who ventured to ride it.

While they might well have uses for it, very few of the early balloonists had enough engineering wit to cope with a vehicle that towered five to seven stories high, and the first century of ballooning became one of great adventure, misadventure and considerable confusion. The English balloonist Henry Coxwell, accompanied by James Glaisher, ascended in 1862 to take meteorological readings, to make daguerrotype prints and to test the flight of pigeons at high altitudes. Few balloonists were better qualified for such flight, and hardly any could have come back with such poor scientific pickings. About five miles up Glaisher passed out. According to barometers the balloon soared to 37,000 feet, which is highly improbable. The balloon revolved so constantly that Coxwell could not take any time exposures with the camera. The behavior of the pigeons verged on mockery. Pigeon Number One fluttered down like a leaf. Number Two flew vigorously about. Number Three fell like a stone. Pigeon Number Four flew up and perched atop the balloon. Number Five died. Number Six refused to fly until 15 minutes after returning to the ground.

No matter what their luck, some balloonists kept coming back for more. After wrecking one balloon on his second flight and being dragged two miles over the ground on his fifth, James Sadler of England quit ballooning in 1785. But in 1811 he was back at it, riding a mile-a-minute wind with a Mr. Burcham of East Dereham aboard. At such speed landing was sheer terror. Sadler was thrown out of the balloon on the first impact, and so up and away again alone went Mr. Burcham for another terrible mile and a half until the balloon burst in an ash tree. The following year Sadler, understandably without poor Burcham this time, tried to cross the Irish Sea. For five hours the wind blew him in many wrong directions and he fell into the water where a

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STIRLING MOSS TAKES HIS MERCEDES INTO ONE OF THE 2,351 TURNS

DRAWINGS BY ARTHUR SIBLESTONE

1,000 MILES OF ITALY

That was Stirling Moss's speed in a gleaming Mercedes last weekend as he set a Mille Miglia record—and served notice the new Mercedes is loaded

FROM THE NORTH ITALIAN CITY of Brescia the road east passes through Verona and then Vicenza. But once each year to five hundred or more expert drivers it does not matter where it goes, but only whether it runs straight or winds, dips or climbs. For a night and a day it becomes a thousand miles of road that leads from Brescia back to Brescia, closed to ordinary traffic and pounded by the race car traffic competing in Italy's world championship Mille Miglia. For the 22nd Mille Miglia last Saturday and Sunday the racing traffic was the heaviest and the fastest ever.

Italy's Mille Miglia invariably attracts a large field because it spreads its honors and cash—\$35,000 this year—attractively through all the sport and touring car classes, small and large. It attracts much attention because it is generally considered the best balanced test of driver and machine of any of the major sports car races. For all its special merits, at Mille Miglia as anywhere, the big thing

is the over-all win, the fight for prestige between the big cars. It is a home course for the good Italians, and they have made the most of this advantage. Only two foreign cars and one foreign driver have won since the first race in 1927. Italian drivers in Ferraris have ruled Mille Miglia since 1947, losing only to a rival Italian in a Lancia last year. The Lancias were not competing this year, and the English Jaguars, running second to Ferrari in the 1955 world standings, were not entered. The road home, however, was not clear for Ferrari. Standing in their way were the meticulous Germans of Mercedes-Benz who, after concentrating on their Grand Prix cars for two years, had suddenly come back to the sports car scramble and were making their first bid for prestige in the Mille Miglia.

The impressive four-car Mercedes team was led by an equally imposing figure, large, blond Alfred Neubauer, a ponderous, painstaking team manager who had also directed the Mercedes force which swept the first two



AT 98 MPH

by WILLIAM ROSPIGLIOSI

places in the 1952 Pan-American Road Race. The two Mercedes drivers considered to have the best chance to win were the 1954 world champion, bowlegged Juan Manuel Fangio, and 47-year-old Karl Kling, who had come very close to winning the 1952 Mille Miglia. Thanks to the dead-earnest way the Germans went about it, the race became by starting time far more than just a driver's race. It was team against team, the Germans thoroughly planning the race one way and the Italians trying by trick or wit to dash the German plans.

In a pre-race month of preparation Karl Kling took his Mercedes around the thousand-mile course (for this race it actually measured 992 miles) fifteen times, from Brescia east to Vicenza and down to Ravenna on the Adriatic, along the straight stretches, then west through thousands of bends in the Apennine mountains, out of the mountains to Rome, then north again through short, steep bends at

continued on next page



MILLE MIGLIA road race begins at Brescia in North Italy, roars east and south along the Adriatic coast, then after a swirl through Rome climbs back to Brescia over the Apennines.

THE MILLE MIGLIA

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Radiofani, and winding again into the Apennines into the last straight stretches before the finish back at Brescia. At sharp bends Kling dismounted and measured the precise angle. He spent most of a day on one moderate corner outside Modena, trying it again and again, feeling the drift of it and seeking the exact moment when he should change gear and press gas pedal. He did almost as much on each of Mille Miglia's 2,987 corners—if he could wrench a yard from each of them, he would save a precious mile and a half. He had lost in 1952 by less than that much, beaten by



KLING, NEUBAUER, FANGIO, HERRMANN AND MERCEDES

one of the best of Italy's mountain men, Giovanni Bracco, who some say could take the Apennines with his eyes shut.

Kling's scrutiny of the route epitomized the astounding thoroughness of the whole Mercedes effort, which literally amounted to bringing a small German army into the Garage Restelli, their Brescia base—184 tires and wheels, maps, their own corps of mechanics, their own gas and oil. Champion Fangio went over the course eight times, studying it as Kling had. Twenty-seven-year-old Hans Herrmann, the third Mercedes driver, covered the route six times, and the fourth driver, 25-year-old Stirling Moss of England, ran through it three times. The second time around Moss collided with a truckload of explosives, tearing up a fender. Fussing like a Dutch mother at this near loss to his well-ordered team, Manager Neubauer instructed Moss to make no more trial runs.

The Germans left little to chance. When Fangio announced that he wished to run without a co-driver in order to be more comfortable, portly Manager Neubauer knelt to take exact measurements of the seat of Fangio's pants. With this knowledge acquired, Neubauer could then have the co-driver seat sealed over and leave just enough, and not too much, room for Fangio's bottom. "Winning a race," grunted Neubauer, "is 90 or 95% preparation. Luck is only 5%."

About the only place the Mercedes team thought they might need luck was with the brakes of their new silver cars. The four Mercedes are a new model, evolved from their Formula One Grand Prix cars: a straight eight cylinders, injector fed (carburetorless) of 3,000-cc capacity,

with a five-speed gear box. The brakes are large—70 centimeters—though the drums are not on the wheels but in the center of the car where cooling is reduced. Slamming into the sharp curves on the Mille Miglia route they might take a real haking. Fangio, the No. 1 man, was not worried; "The car looks like a tank," he confided, "but it is the lightest car I have ever driven."

In contrast to German precision, the Ferrari pre-race effort appeared slapdash. It began to look as if this year also the Italians would be chasing Mercedes Driver Fangio home. As it turned out, a Mercedes did lead them, but not Fangio. For most of the 992 miles both the Italians and Fangio were chasing the Englishman Stirling Moss.

The Ferrari team was banking largely on their cars and the basic skills of their drivers to beat the Mercedes. They would not until the last minute let anyone know that the entire four-car team would be composed of 3,750-cc Ferraris, nor would foxy Enzo Ferrari say which driver would be at the wheel of which car. He entered the cars under the names of the mechanics and then hoped for luck when the order of start was drawn. Fortune smiled on the Ferrari team. They got four of the last six places, and Enzo Ferrari could now play out a few trumps.

It was Manager Neubauer's plan to have Mercedes Driver Moss draw out Ferraris at the start and burn them up so that Fangio, Kling and Herrmann could run their own races. Tactician Ferrari put Enzo Castellotti, a dashing sort of driver, right behind Moss. Castellotti would chase Moss and might even make Moss chase him. In the starting spot, just behind Mercedes Driver Herrmann, Enzo Ferrari spotted Umberto Maglioli, last year's Pan-American Road Race winner; his job was to push Herrmann. In the next-to-last spot the Ferrari team started Paolo Mazzotto, who never forces pace but relies on endurance. And in the most favored place in the whole race, the last to leave the start at Brescia, with a whole day ahead of him to dog and worry the great Fangio, would be the Ferrari veteran, silver-haired Piero Taruffi.



MOSS SELECTED AS PACESETTER, KEPT ON SETTING IT

The first car, a small diesel-powered Fiat, was off down the starting ramp at 9 o'clock Saturday night. Every half minute or minute thereafter the beam of another car's headlights followed into the night, flicking against the greenery and pink spring blossoms. After the small Fiats, Citroëns and Renaults came Panhards, Alfa Romeos, small



FERRARI GAVE LEAD SIGNS TO MAGLIOLLO, CASTELLLOTTI

Mercedes, Osas, Porsches, Maseratis, Gordinis and Ferraris—a noisy field of 521 going away all night and until 8:30 the next morning.

As the gray of dawn turned into a bright day, the rival Ferraris and Mercedes were moving toward the starting ramp. "I feel happy," said Fangio. "It is a lovely day and I am driving a wonderful car." Still smiling, he thundered down the wooden ramp and on to Verona at a "careful" speed of 111 miles an hour. The strategy of the Ferrari team on this first leg came somewhat apart. Paolo Marzotto, generally a conservative back-runner, took the lead at 123 miles an hour. Suddenly the tread left one of his tires. As his engine speed rapidly dropped, the oil cap blew, and the first of the Ferraris was out of it.

Along the road stretches flanking the Adriatic the Ferraris and Mercedes were strung like beads, and Mercedes Manager Neubauer could nod approvingly. Setting the pace through Ancona, at 116 miles an hour, was the gleaming silver Mercedes, No. 722, driven by Stirling Moss, and he was pulling Taruffi, the best hope of Ferrari, with him. Behind Taruffi came Herrmann of Mercedes, and behind him Castellotti of Ferrari. Then came Kling in a Mercedes, Maglioli in a Ferrari and finally Fangio, taking it easy. On the run to Pescara, where the route turns toward the Apennines, Ferrari Driver Taruffi jumps into the lead. This is not according to Mercedes plan, for the Ferrari has more power and better maneuverability in the mountains, and Taruffi is a good mountain driver. Into the mountains, Taruffi is pushed by all four Mercedes. Castellotti is out of it with engine failure on the run to Pescara, so through the mountains there are only two Ferraris against the four Mercedes. Through the Apennines and into Rome and up through the rugged passes of Radicofani, the ironies of this racing business began to show. Taruffi, a better mountain driver in a better mountain car, was passed by Moss before he got to Rome. Kling, who had worked so methodically to know each curve, lost the road on one of them, wrecking his car and breaking three ribs. Between Viterbo and Radicofani, Taruffi's oil pump failed, leaving only Maglioli's Ferrari chasing the three leading Mercedes.

MILLE MIGLIA TOP FINISHERS

OVER-ALL WINNERS

DRIVER	CAR	MPH
Moss	Mercedes	97.96
Fangio	Mercedes	93.10
Maglioli	Ferrari	91.20
Giardini	Maserati	87.14
Fitch	Mercedes	86.36

SPORTS CARS OF 2,000 cc

Giardini	Maserati	87.14
Bellaci	Maserati	81.66
Sironi	Maserati	79.98

SPORTS CARS OF 1,500 cc

Seide	Porsche	81.78
Descolanges	Osa	79.38
Lantenschlager	Porsche	76.32

SPORTS CARS OF 750 cc

Storz	DB	74.34
Auricchio	Stanguellini	71.28
Navarro	Panhard	71.04

Whether any of Ferrari's grief could be attributed to it or not, Moss had done a splendid job of front running—such a good job that to Florence he had smashed all previous Mille Miglia records with an incredible 97 mph average. He ran a distinct risk of putting himself out of it. Herrmann, also breaking all previous records, did go out with a crippling gas tank leak. On to Bologna Moss continued to pick up time on Fangio in the other remaining Mercedes, while Maglioli hung onto third place in the one remaining team Ferrari. They took the checkered flag at the Brescia finish in that order. Fourth came Francesco Giardini in a Maserati, and fifth, in a small touring Mercedes, came an unballooned American, Johnny Fitch.

Winner Moss had averaged an incredible 97.96 miles an hour, covering the 902 miles in 10 hours, 7 minutes, 48 seconds—half an hour better than the record. After red victory flowers were shoved into his hands, Moss explained: "I just drove as fast as I could, following instructions."

It was indeed quite according to Mercedes plan. Moss the rabbit had run the Ferrari hounds ragged to keep them away from Fangio—only the rabbit had kept on running and had beaten even Fangio.

(END)



TARUFFI (RIGHT) WENT OUT WITH OIL-PUMP TROUBLE



AN EIGHT PASSENGER HORSE

To prove how good-natured a Tennessee Walking Horse really is, the sponsors of the First Walking Horse Spring Festival at Nashville, Tenn., loaded one up with small fry and managed to get seven aboard plus the rider before running out of horse. Despite the heavy load, the horse, named Pistol Bill, went along with the fun but was



PHOTOGRAPH BY RICHARD MEEK

glad of end support from Horse Show Manager Mike St. Charles and cap-wearing S. H. (Wacky) Arnolt, president of the Tennessee Walking Horse Breeders Association, who is more noted for the Arnolt-Bristol sports car.

The event was part of a junior clinic where, along with good horsemanship, kids learned that famous owners of

Tennessee Walking Horses have included Abraham Lincoln and Gene Autry. But far more impressive to the kids was the fact that their current TV idol, Davy Crockett, rides a Tennessee Walking Horse in his Disneyland film adventures. Long famed for its "rocking chair" ride the walking horse is today as much in demand as ever.



ARISTOTLE (BARRY JONES, LEFT) CHATS WITH ALEXANDER THE GREAT (RICHARD BURTON) WHILE SPANISH ATHLETES APE THE GREEK

ODE TO GRECIAN SPORTS

IN their never-ending quest for realism the motion picture companies travel to the ends of the earth for authentic locales and spare no expense in obtaining technical consultants to coach actors for their roles. Thus, when an *Oklahoma!* is to be filmed, the company does not sit in Hollywood; it goes to Arizona. Similarly, when Robert

Rossen, an independent American producer, decided to film *Alexander the Great*, a story of the man who conquered the Middle East and penetrated India, Rossen hired his crew to Spain. The script for this United Artists release called for some colossal coverage of Greek games and sports. To be certain actors such as Richard

Burton showed proper form for the ancient sports, several prominent Spanish athletes were hired to instruct the thespians in their specialties. Actor Burton, for example, was pinstakingly coached in throwing the discus by Miguel Quadra, three-time amateur discus champion of Spain, even though today's discus style is quite unlike the toss of antiquity. Realism was further advanced by having Spanish athletes actually perform in the film. Spanish acrobats became gymnasts; muscular



WAY FOR CRITICAL EYES OF FILM-MAKERS

José Del Pino, twice Spanish shot-put champion, hurled a discus; basketball player Mario Camus tossed the javelin and Alfonso Abelenda, a leading rugby performer, jumped hurdles. Outside expertise, in fact, was lacking only in the swordplay, but the company was quite confident that it could supply its own authentic swashbuckle.

ACROBATIC ACTORS, members of a professional Spanish troupe, perform for the benefit of movie technicians before taking roles as Greeks.



PLAYER	BUYER	AMOUNT	POOL
TOSKI	F. HUDSPETH	10,500.00	10,500.00
MONTI	C. ANDERSON	7,000.00	17,500.00
BOLT	G. WILLOUGHBY	8,500.00	26,000.00
FORD	C. ANDERSON	7,000.00	33,000.00
ROSBURG	M. WERSHOW	10,000.00	43,000.00
HARBERT	A. BEHRSTOCK	7,000.00	50,000.00
MANGRUM	N. MORGAN	9,500.00	59,500.00
M. FURGOL	M. EXBER	7,000.00	66,500.00
BARBER	D. FRANKEL	7,000.00	73,500.00
HOLSCHER	C. ANDERSON B. CONSIDINE	8,000.00	81,500.00
BOROS	R. KOLOD	8,000.00	89,500.00
MAXWELL	GIL DYE	8,500.00	98,000.00
E. FURGOL	R. E. PETERS	9,000.00	107,000.00
WININGER	BOB HOPE	8,000.00	115,000.00
MIDDLECOFF	CHICK ROSS	16,000.00	131,000.00
ULRICH	R. E. PETERS	7,000.00	138,000.00
LITTLER	F. LAINE	13,000.00	151,000.00
COOPER	J. BLANKENSHIP	7,000.00	158,000.00
SOCHAK	WALTER MARTY	15,000.00	173,000.00
WALL	WILBUR CLARK	12,500.00	185,500.00
SNEAD	M. KLEINMAN	17,000.00	202,500.00

CALCUTTA POOL BOARD AT LAS VEGAS SHOWS FABULOUS PRICES PAID BY HOLLYWOOD CELEBRITIES AND RICH FANS FOR CHAMPION GOLFERS.

POOL 202,500.00
 LESS 10% 20,250.00
 182,250.00

1-40% 72,900.00
 2-20% 36,450.00
 3-15% 27,337.50
 4-10% 18,225.00
 5-5% 9,112.50
 6-5% 9,112.50
 7-5% 9,112.50

ALSO SPLIT OF POT BETWEEN WINNERS AND CHARITY



KISSING BALL. WINNER GENE LITTLER THINKS OF \$10,000 PRIZE AND SHARE OF POT

GOLF, GAMBLING & AUCTIONEERS

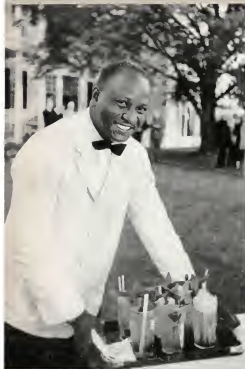
by JAMES MURRAY

Arriving in Las Vegas last week, the touring golf professionals—all 21 of them winners of some big tournament during the past year—were fully prepared to drown themselves in a sea of celebrities, and Las Vegas did not disappoint. Walter Winchell was there to pick up a share of the Tournament of Champions swag for the Damon Runyon Fund. Bob Hope showed up; so did Patti Page and Dagmar, and John Daly the TV performer, and Bob Considine the columnist, and Frankie Laine the crooner, and Joe E. Lewis the comedian. And there were quite a lot of other crooners and comedians and almost as many blondes as slot machines.

Despite the nonpareil golfing talent on hand, the fellows who really stole the show were some faceless plungers named F. Hudspeth, C. Anderson, R. Kolod, M. Kleinman. These and a few others, including Bob Hope and Frankie Laine themselves, bid up the largest Calcutta pool on a golf tournament that anyone can remember—\$202,500. And around Vegas they have a pretty good memory for such statistics.

The origins of the Calcutta dinner appear to be lost in antiquity. Most men know it as a pleasant pre-tournament

Golf a la Vegas continued on page 46



ST JULEP IN A TALL FROSTED GLASS IS THE KENTUCKY DERBY'S TRADITIONAL DRINK



SPIRITUALS SING ATTRACTS KENTUCKY'S BARNLEY AND WIFE



PARTY COSTUMES AND ENTERTAINMENT OFTEN GO EXOTIC

PREVIEW

THE DERBY

The world's most colorful and famous horse race is the roaring climax to a week in which Kentucky goes all out for sentiment and living in a delirious mood

TO SAY that the Kentucky Derby is a horse race is like saying that a bourbon julep is a shot of whiskey. It is true, but it is not the whole truth. For Derby Week in Louisville is a phenomenon—a happy turmoil, a frenzied turbulence, a time of high living and high good humor in the face of high costs and highbinders.

Sixty-five thousand people pour into the city which has a normal population of 405,000. They come by air (commercial airlines plus a thousand in private planes) and by train and automobile and bus. From San Antonio come 175 Texans in their 17-car (including a shower car) "Kentucky Derby Special"—which also serves as their hotel. There are "Filly" specials, one sponsored by Sigma Alpha Sigma, a businesswomen's sorority in Chicago, another carrying 200 General Motors Girls Club members from Detroit.

For weeks before the Derby, every rooming house, hotel and motel has been a sellout despite a \$15-a-day asking price for furnished rooms and double that at the better hotels. It is just possible, however, that a few bouse rentals may still be available. Some home owners are willing to get out of town for \$1,000—one week's rent.



BARBECUE PITS GET BUSY TURN AT POST-DERBY OUTINGS



FRIED CHICKEN AL FRESCO IS GOOD EVEN WHEN IT RAINS



IF YOU CAN'T PICK YOUR OWN WINNERS, THERE ARE PLENTY OF PEOPLE WILLING TO HELP

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TONI FRISSELL

Ten million dollars will change hands within the city limits of Louisville during Derby Week. The tab for bourbon whiskey alone (45,000 fifths of it) will come to \$250,000. The balance will go for food and housing and foolish notions, including horse bets.

Betting on the Kentucky Derby is something very special. People who never bet on anything else like to have a wager riding on a Derby horse, even if it's only a 25¢ stake in an office or neighborhood pool. And up and down the country, people who have little or no interest in racing at other times will follow the race breathlessly by radio or television.

The Kentucky Derby is what it is principally because of one man, Colonel Matt Winn. When he took over Churchill Downs in 1902, the great race was little more than a local affair. The colonel popularized pari-mutuel machines. He did a complete job of redecorating. He then tackled the most important job of all; the wooing of the standoff eastern Jockey Club. His big break came in 1915 when Regret won the Derby. Regret's owner was Harry Payne Whitney, and Whitney was a member of The Jockey Club, then

headed and dominated by August Belmont. Colonel Matt was in. At his death at 88, in October 1949, the colonel was a legend. He had seen the first running of the Derby (in 1875) and every subsequent one through the 75th. He had seen it become an American institution.

And yet, the Kentucky Derby is not the richest horse race in America, nor the oldest, nor the best from a competitive point of view. Some trainers complain that it comes too early in the year for most 3-year-olds to be in top condition, and it is a quarter of a mile short of the classic derby distance of one and a half miles. And while Churchill Downs is a fair place for 50,000 people to watch a horse race, it is no place for 100,000.

For all of that the Kentucky Derby stands alone among all the horse races in America, maybe in the world. As the late great turf writer, Joe H. Palmer, once observed: "... now we approach the event about which no one can write quite truthfully. The legends are too strong. A man may go to Miami or Baltimore or Saratoga feeling no particular way and may report what he sees. But the Kentucky Derby must be approached with an attitude."

THE DERBY CONTINUED NEXT PAGE



DERBY *continued from page 33*

THE RACE STANDS ALONE AS A SPECTACLE OF TAUT DRAMA

by **WHITNEY TOWER**

IT IS MINUTES short of post time. The horses have left the paddock in a slow, cautious walk to the track. As they appear for the long parade—first to the right and down around the clubhouse turn, then back past the stands again on the trip to the starting gate at the head of the stretch—the band strikes up *My Old Kentucky Home*. Necks already strained and weary from nearly a day-long wait stretch desperately for a closer look. Here and there in the crowd of 100,000 pressed bodies a few tears flow, some lips quiver under the spell of the moment.

That will be the scene, much as

drawn above, a few minutes before 4:30 at Churchill Downs this Saturday. For horses and owners this is the culmination of a three-year wait. The members of this post parade are the sole survivors of an original nomination list of 125 colts, geldings and fillies made eligible for the 81st consecutive running of the Kentucky Derby. Every owner has spent \$1,600 in entry fees alone to see his racing silks in this sporting pageant. For one of them the reward will be at least \$100,000, a gold cup and a safe niche in the permanent records of racing history. For others the trip home may be melancholy.

But this moment also represents the

last chance for the better lurching and pushing his way to the front of the pari-mutuel lines which opened seven and a half hours previously. In these hectic hours the mixed mob has started spending on a big scale. Before the day's nine races are over they will have bet over \$4 million.

A million and a half of it will go into the machines on the seventh race of the afternoon—the Derby—alone.

Winter Book bets are all but forgotten in the light of new-found knowledge as tips, hunches and rumors race across the rambling old horse park faster than any Stevens caterer with his \$1.25 mint juleps in the take-it-home-with-you souvenir glasses. Every horse in the parade will get a play. Some—like Nashua and Summer Tan, who have staged a rivalry reminiscent of the feuds between *Cavalcade* and *Discovery*—will draw a tremendous following. Others, with less fortunate backgrounds and peanut-size bank rolls to show for their achievements, will be lucky if even their owners, grooms and exercise



boys go out on a financial limb on their behalf.

Many things will stir in the minds of the 100,000 bettors Saturday before the mutual windows slam shut. All the old "systems"—from the blind thrust of a hatpin into an outspread program to selection according to color and name—will be brought into play. Many, too preoccupied to unscramble

the hieroglyphics of the past performance charts, will settle for a bet on the favorite (most likely: Nashua). In the 80 previous Derbies 37 favorites have won (this 46% average is far better than the national average of 34% winning favorites), and 15 of the 27 odds-on favorites have won.

There is another school of thought adhering to the theory that the jockey

alone is responsible for a Derby victory. This applies particularly if the jockey's name happens to be Eddie Arcaro, who has ridden to triumph five times in this premier classic. Arcaro wound up a suspension this week just in time to make Nashua his 16th Derby ride. Most of his admirers would rather forget that in Arcaro's first 15 they made his

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DERBY FACTS AND VITAL STATISTICS

EVENT—81st consecutive Kentucky Derby

PLACE—Churchill Downs, Louisville, Ky.

DATE—Saturday, May 7

POST TIME—4:30 p.m., Central Daylight Time

DISTANCE—1 $\frac{1}{4}$ mile

ELIGIBLE—125 3-year-olds

PROBABLE STARTERS—8 to 10

PROBABLE FAVORITE—Nashua

WEIGHT—All carry 126 lbs.

RACE VALUE—\$125,000 added, of which at least \$100,000 guaranteed to the winner, \$25,000 to second, \$12,500 to third and \$5,000 to fourth

DERBY DAY PRICES—Clubhouse, \$6.15; General, \$2.55

DERBY RECORDS—Fastest: Whirlaway (1941), 2:01 2/5; richest: Determire (1954), \$102,050; winning owner: Calumet Farm (5); winning trainer: Ben A. Jones (6); winning jockey: Eddie Arcaro (5)

ATTENDANCE—100,000 at track, some 30 million more expected to tune in CBS radio and television description (air time: 4:15 C.D.T.) by Fred Capoen, Win Elliot and Phil Sutterfield





ARMY-NAVY MELEE OF STICKS, FLYING ELBOWS, TWISTED BODIES IS GOOD. LEGAL LACROSSE

SKULL 'EM! HIP 'EM! SCORE!

The old Indian game of lacrosse has come into its own as a spring sport. Its ingredients include heave hearts, stout clubs and a slow whistle

by **BOOTON HERNDON**

SEVERAL years ago, after a lacrosse game played between a team of college stars and a team of Onondaga Indians, the chief of the Onondagas took one of the particularly deserving college boys aside and showed him a couple of the deadlier secrets of the game.

"Lookum here," the chief said. "Hold your foot over other fellow's foot, so. When he start, put foot down. Dislocatum hip. When fellow too fast, run away from you, hitum in heel with stick. Gettum just right, he no ran no more. Ever."

The young man thanked the chief courteously and departed. In 28 years of coaching lacrosse since then, 19 at Navy, Dinty Moore has never felt called upon to teach his men how to dislocate hip, but some of Navy's bruised opponents have often wondered what holds him back. Last year Navy was national lacrosse champion but the real proof of Dinty's coaching ability occurred during the game with Duke. A Navy attackman known now as Homicide Hargrave, aiming his 230-pound self at a Duke player scurrying

about on the sidelines, miscalculated the runge and hit his coach instead. The impact broke Dinty's leg in two places and severed most of the ligaments.

"What a body check! Man, that's the way to play lacrosse!" exulted the coach as they carried him off the field.

This spring some 60 colleges and as many secondary schools fielded lacrosse teams. In many schools it was the third biggest sport, after football and basketball. More players were participating than at any time since before the white man arrived and spoiled the fun. (Thousand-man Indian teams used to stage contests lasting for days, not even stopping to bury the dead.) It's a game that is exciting both to play and to watch. "After you see lacrosse," said Rip Miller, athletic director at Navy and one of the Seven Mules of Notre Dame, "other spring sports are like kissing your sister."

Although lacrosse is a rough game, you don't have to be either a behemoth or a goon to play it. In what other team contact sport these days can a 140-pound honor student like Virginia's Jimmy Grieves make All-America

in his junior year? "I just don't know what comes over me when I play lacrosse," Jimmy mused recently.

Another good thing about lacrosse is that it's easy to understand. If you have ever sat in a darkened projection room with a bunch of football coaches running one play over and over trying to find out what their own team was doing, you appreciate the simplicity of lacrosse all the more. "It's basketball played on a football field with a club and a slow whistle," someone once observed with a shudder. The idea is to throw a hard rubber ball in the opponent's goal, around or through the goal tender. Each team has 10 men, but only six can cross the midfield line at a time, so that the mace is restricted to 12 men and the goalie.

"We used to play with 12 men and what the rule book called natural boundaries," recalls Joseph B. Beckman, an All-America at Maryland 24 years ago. "We used to knock down a lot of fences. We played Syracuse in the football stadium. There were high concrete walls around the field. The referee got both teams together before the game and told us he didn't want to see anybody get bounced off those walls. Well, the game started, and the ball went over against the wall, and I had a good shot at a guy—coulda slammed him through the wall—but I remembered what the referee said and laid off. All of a sudden BOOM! two guys hit me and knocked me up against that concrete and the whole stadium shook. Hell, the whole row shook. I looked up at the referee and he was laughin' all over himself. He was from Syracuse!"

NAMES WILL NEVER HURT

When a man has possession of the ball you can do most anything to him to make him wish he hadn't. Provided you hit his stick at the same time, you can hit him with your stick anywhere between the shoulders and the knees. A new rule this year prohibits hitting him on the head at any time. He doesn't even have to have the ball, just be within 15 feet of a loose ball, to be eligible to receive your best body blow. The only restraint is that you can't hit him from behind or below the knees.

A body check is a most effective weapon. In the Dartmouth-Maryland game this year a quiet, unassuming young man from Dartmouth mistakenly intercepted a Maryland pass near his own goal and stood for a split second in perplexity wondering what to do with it. Three Maryland men hit

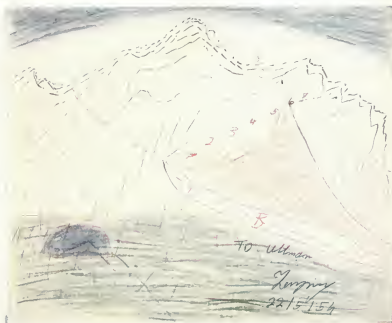
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The Great Endeavor

TENZING: THE TIGER OF EVEREST

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PART III



TENZING'S VIEW OF EVEREST'S CONQUEST

Drawn in school crayons in an almost childlike hand, this map which Tenzing made for his friend Ullman shows Everest as seen by the man who knows it best. Red dotted line traces route from base camps up the Icefall (Camp Two) to Western Cwm (Camp Four), thence past Lhotse traverse to Camp Eight. This was take-off point for final assault. Camp Nine was last stop of Hillary and Tenzing before they reached summit.



CLIMBING TO TAKE-OFF AT CAMP 8, HILLARY (FOREGROUND) AND TENZING WERE HEAVILY BURDENED

Tenzing: Tiger of Everest



By TENZING NORLAY as told to JAMES RAMSEY ULLMAN

PART III: In which Tenzing, ill after two attempts on Everest within a year, makes the most momentous decision of his life; and of his climb with Edmund Hillary; and of what transpired in those last few feet before the summit; and of his thoughts as he stood at last triumphant on the highest peak in the world

I WAS SICK. Day after day I lay in a hospital bed with high fever, and much of the time I was delirious. If Everest was still my dream, it was only a bad one . . .

The Swiss had made a second attempt on the mountain in the fall of 1952—the first time it had ever been tried at any other season except the spring. And I of course had gone along again. Of the old sahibs, only Lambert and Dr. Chevalley (who was now leader) had come back; but the new men had been good ones, and we had hoped for better weather than in the spring. It was a hope, though, that had not been realized. Though the sky was clear and little snow fell, the cold of approaching winter cut through to our bones, and our problem was not so much climbing as simply not freezing to death. On the Lhotse Face there was a fatal accident—the first on Everest in many years—when the Sherpa Mingma Dorje was killed by falling ice. But still we had kept going. Working out a different route and making more camps than before, we reached the South Col on November 19th, and from there Lambert and I, with another sahib and some Sherpas, tried to go even higher. It was hopeless, though. Long before we reached our high point of the spring, the wind and cold had finished us, and we were barely able to get down the mountain alive. As the Swiss put it, Everest had “purged” us from its heights.

It had been on the way back through Nepal that I took sick. Partly it was malaria; but even more, I think, it was the strain of two big expeditions in one year. As always, the Swiss were wonderful to me. They flew me out from Katmandu to Patna in northern India, and there I stayed for 10 days at the Holy Family Hospital which is run by American Catholic missionaries.

I was alone in the hospital. Some of the time my fever was so high I was delirious, and I thought I was back on Everest, fighting the wind and the cold. Then it would pass, and I would lie motionless in bed for hours, too weak even to open my eyes or raise my hand. . . . “Yes, it was too much,” I thought. “Two expeditions. The wind and the cold. And most of all, being two things at once: a sirdar and a climber. That was too much, both in the work and the responsibility.” . . . I lay there, and there was only weakness in my mind and body. Then the fever would come again.

When I left the hospital I had lost 16 pounds. And a few days later, when I reached Darjeeling, my wife and family were shocked to see me. “You must rest now,” Ang Lahmu said. “This whole year you must rest and get back your health.” And I think that then at the beginning I just nodded and said nothing, for I hadn’t the strength for anything else.

Tenzing: Tiger of Everest



But now it was already 1953. The story of the two Swiss expeditions had become known throughout the world, and I was receiving letters from many countries asking me to go along on climbs during the coming spring. Even while I was still in the hospital in Patna a letter had come from a Major Charles Wylie inviting me to go back to Everest with a new British party, of which he would be transport officer; and now, in Darjeeling, Mrs. Henderson, of the Himalayan Club, urged me to go with them. "You have been with the English so often," she said. "And they want you so much." But Ang Lahmu was against it, and I was too tired and weak to make a quick decision.

I rested. And I thought. I thought about the Swiss and their two great efforts, and of how proud and happy I had been to be with them. But the Swiss were not going back. They had had their chance, and now in 1953 it would be the British coming with the strongest possible expedition. They would profit greatly from the Swiss pioneering of the route. Most important of all, they would be prepared to make a tremendous effort, for they had always considered Everest their mountain, and now it seemed to be slipping away from them.

I did not know any of the climbers who would be going along this year. In the beginning Eric Shipton was to have been the leader, but he had been replaced by Colonel John Hunt of the British Army, who had lived and climbed much in India, but whom I had never met. With him would be the best pick of English mountaineers and also two New Zealanders, one of whom, Edmund Hillary,

had been on both the 1951 Everest reconnaissance and on an expedition to nearby Cho Oyo in 1952. In 1951 there had been some trouble about bakshesh and the payment of the Nepali porters, and I mentioned this to Mrs. Henderson. "But that's one of the reasons it's so important that you go," she said. "No one can handle the men like you, and if you are along there will be no such troubles."

What would another big expedition—the third in only a little more than a year—do to me? Like the Swiss, the British wanted me both as sirdar and as a climber, and I had already decided that the combination was too much. But how else could I go along? I thought about it all so much that I could hardly sleep at night. If it kept up much longer this way I would be sick all over again. So one day I left Toong Soong Busty, went to Mrs. Henderson and said simply, "Yes, I will go."

What I could not tell her—what I find hard to say even now in the right words—is that I would go because I *had* to go.

Saying yes to Mrs. Henderson was one thing, but with Ang Lahmu it was another. "You are too weak," she argued. "You will get sick again, or you will slip on the ice and fall and kill yourself."

"No, I will look out for myself," I told her. "Just as I always have."

"You take too many risks."

"I am paid for climbing. They don't pay me for play. I must do what I am paid for."

"But you are crazy. You will kill yourself on this mountain. You will die."

"All right, I will die." By this time I was getting angry. "If I have to die I would rather do it on Everest than in your hut!" I suppose all husbands and wives sometimes talk like that to each other. We got mad, made up, then got mad again. But at last Ang Lahmu saw that I was determined, and she said, "All right, you win."

So that part was settled. Once again I collected the finest Sherpa team that I could; we joined the British in Katmandu early in March; and from there we made the long overland trip to Solo Khumbu and Everest. Since the expedition there have been many reports of trouble at this time between the climbers and the Sherpas. It is true that there were certain difficulties about accommodations, equipment and food, and also that, with the British, there was never quite the free and easy comradeship we had had with the Swiss. But the stories that were later told were much exaggerated. There is a Sherpa saying that in a big house there is bound to be some trouble from time to time, and on the way to Everest we had our share—usually with myself, as sirdar, unhappily in the middle, trying to make peace. In the end, though, everything was straightened out. The differences were compromised and settled. And by the time we reached the mountain we were a well-knit, happy team.

SHERPAS working. Sherpas talking. Part in our own language, part in Nepali, with a little English. "Ready to go now?"

"Ak chab. O.K."

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"But *husar*—be careful. It's a *bara sapur*. A long trip."
And off we go. Up the glacier. Along the moraines.

"Still *ah chah*?"

"No, not *ah chah*. *Toi ye!*—Damn it!"—(always with a big spit). "My load is crooked."

"*Kai chui no*. It doesn't matter."

"*Toi ye!*" (with a spit)—"It does matter. I must stop."

"*Ap ke hukom*. Have it your own way. Here, I'll help you. . . . Is it *ah chah* now?"

"Yes, *ah chah*. *Thugi chry*. Thank you."

"Let's get going then. But *husar!* It gets steep here."

"Too steep. *Toi ye!*"

Then more spitting. More climbing. More glacier and moraine, and at last the next camp.

"*Shabash!* Well done! We made it."

"For that day's work we should have *bakshesh*."

"Or at least a bowl of chang."

"With some chang we could toast ourselves. . . . *Tashi delai!* Here's bow!"

"*Tashi delai* to you. To all of us."

"*Sherpas zindabad!* Long live the Sherpas!"

That was the way it went day after day. We had come up through Solo Khumbu, past Namche Bazar and Thyangboche, and after several practice climbs to get everyone in good condition, we set up our base camp on the Khumbu Glacier. From there, following the Swiss route as closely as we could, we worked our way up the icefall, past the great crevasse into the Western Cwm, and on up the cwm to the Lhotse Face. The climbers took turns going ahead and doing the harder work. As we got higher and the air grew thinner, some did better and others not so well. And after he had watched everyone carefully, Colonel Hunt made his selections of who would do the highest climbing.

Before the expedition started I had been promised my chance at the top if I were in good physical condition, and a few days before, in an examination by the doctors, I had been found more fit than anyone. So I was to have the chance, as I had hoped and prayed. The three others chosen for the two summit attempts were Dr. Charles Evans and Tom Bourdillon, who would climb as one team, and Hillary, who would be my partner in the second. If neither succeeded, still a third team would be organized; but this would involve much difficulty and reorganization, and everyone hoped it would not be necessary.

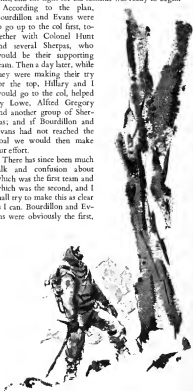
From now on I was teamed with Hillary the whole time. We were not supposed to do the heaviest work and so wear ourselves out, but only to get ourselves in the best condition; and while the others did the work up ahead on the Lhotse Face, we kept going up and down between base camp and the Western Cwm, carrying light loads, practicing with the oxygen, and helping the younger novice Sherpas on the steep route through the icefall. How many times we went back and forth I can hardly count, but once, I remember, we went all the way from the base to Camp Four and back again in one day, and we certainly could not have done that if we had not been going strong. Hillary was a wonderful climber—especially on snow and ice, with which he had had much practice in New Zealand—and had great strength and endurance. Like many men of action,

and especially the British, he did not talk much, but he was nevertheless a fine cheerful companion; and he was popular with the Sherpas, because in things like food and equipment he always shared whatever he had. I suppose we made a funny-looking team, he and I, with Hillary about 6 feet 3 inches tall and myself some seven inches shorter. But we were not worrying about that. What was important was that, as we climbed together and became used to each other, we were becoming a strong and confident pair.

Meanwhile the others, led by Hillary's fellow New Zealander, George Lowe, were breaking the steep trail up the Lhotse Face toward the South Col. Like the Swiss in the previous autumn, they set up two camps—Six and Seven—on the way, and after these had been stocked with supplies, Wilfrid Noyce and the Sherpa Annulu made the first climb up to the col itself. Here Camp Eight was established, near the ruins of the old Swiss tents, and the fight for the summit was ready to begin.

According to the plan, Bourdillon and Evans were to go up to the col first, together with Colonel Hunt and several Sherpas, who would be their supporting team. Then a day later, while they were making their try for the top, Hillary and I would go to the col, helped by Lowe, Alfred Gregory and another group of Sherpas; and if Bourdillon and Evans had not reached the goal we would then make our effort.

There has since been much talk and confusion about which was the first team and which was the second, and I shall try to make this as clear as I can. Bourdillon and Evans were obviously the first,



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as far as time is concerned. They would leave from Camp Eight on the South Col and climb as high as they could—all the way if possible; but there were about 3,300 feet between col and summit, no halfway camp was to be set up for them, and it would be a marvelous feat if they could go to the top and back in one day. They might be able to do it: no one knew. But they were not specifically *expected* to do it. Colonel Hunt called their try a "reconnaissance assault" and said he would be well satisfied if they could get to the south summit and have a close look at the last stretch beyond it.

Then, if they could go no farther, Hillary and I would have our turn. But for us another camp—the ninth—would be set up on the summit ridge, as high as man could carry it, and we would make our try from there, with a much greater advantage. So if Bourdillon and Evans were first in one way, we were first in another; in terms of what was expected of us. If we failed, it might, after reorganization, be possible to make still another attempt; but as far as present plans went ours would be the great effort. After the expedition was over there were stories in certain newspapers that I was upset because I did not have the first chance at the top. But this is wholly untrue. My chance was as much "first" as anyone's. If anything, Hillary and I would have the better opportunity. And it seemed to me that the plan was in all ways sound and sensible. You do not climb a mountain like Everest by trying to race ahead on your own, or by competing with your comrades. You do it slowly and carefully, by unselfish teamwork. Certainly I wanted to reach the top myself; it was the thing I had dreamed of all my life. But if the lot fell to someone else, I would take it like a man and not a crybaby. For that is the mountain way.

So Bourdillon and Evans went ahead and made their great effort. Colonel Hunt and the Sherpa Da Namgyal started up with them from the South Col, carrying the equipment for Camp Nine, which might later be used by Hillary and myself, and left it at a height of about 27,350 feet. Then these two descended, while Bourdillon and Evans went on. After many hours of climbing, using oxygen all the way, they reached Everest's south summit, only a few hundred feet below the final one. But there they had to turn back, because they would not have been able to go farther and still get back to the col before darkness. When they returned to Camp Eight they were done in, and also, of course, deeply disappointed that they had not been able to go all the way. But they had done a wonderful job of working out a route, and also had gone higher than men had ever been before.

MAY 29th. . . . On the 29th Lambert and I had descended in defeat from the col to the cwm. Down—down—down. . . .

Now Hillary and I were at Camp Nine, at a height of 27,500 feet—the highest camp that had ever been made. We had chopped the tent site out of ice and rock, an exhausting task at that altitude, after a long struggle up to the southeast ridge with Lowe, Gregory and the Sherpa

Ang Nyima. They had left us in the middle of the afternoon, with a quick "Goodbye—good luck." And now the night was nearly over—a night of dozing and waking, dozing and waking—and a night of dying wind. "God is good to us," I thought. "Chomolungma is good to us."

At about 3:30 in the morning we began to stir. I got the stove going and boiled snow for lemon juice and coffee, and we ate a little of the food left over from the night before. There was almost no wind. When, a while later, we opened the tent flap, everything was clear and quiet in the early morning light. It was then that I pointed down and showed Hillary the little dot that was the Thyangboche Monastery, 16,000 feet below. "God of my father and mother," I prayed in my heart, "be good to me now—today."

But the first thing that happened was a bad thing. Hillary's boots, lying all night outside his sleeping bag, had frozen, and now they were like two lumps of black iron. For a whole hour we had to hold them over the stove, pulling and knocking them, until the tent was full of the smell of scorched leather and we were both panting as if we were already climbing the peak. Hillary was very upset, both at the delay and at the danger to his feet. "I'm afraid I may get frostbitten," he said. But at last the boots were soft enough for him to put on, and then we prepared the rest of our gear. For this last day's climbing I was dressed in all sorts of clothes that came from many places. My boots were Swiss; my wind jacket and various other items had been issued by the British. But the socks I was wearing had been knitted by Ang Labma. My sweater had been given me by Mrs. Henderson of the Himalayan Club. My wool helmet was the old one that had been left to me by Earl Denman. And, most important of all, the red scarf around my neck was Raymond Lambert's. At the end of the full expedition he had given it to me and smiled and said, "Here, maybe you can use it sometime." And ever since, I had known exactly what that use must be.

At 6:30, when we crawled from the tent, it was still clear and windless. We had pulled three pairs of gloves onto our hands—silk, wool and windproof; and now we fastened our crampons to our boots, and onto our backs slung the 30 pounds of oxygen apparatus that would be the whole load for each of us during the climb. Around my ax were four flags, tightly wrapped—the flags of the United Nations, Britain, India and Nepal. And in the pocket of my jacket was a small red and blue pencil. My daughter Nima had given it to me when we said goodbye, and I had promised to put it "in the right place" for her.

"All ready?"

"*Shi chah. Ready.*"

And off we went.

Hillary's boots were still stiff, and his feet cold, so he asked me to take the lead. And for a while that is how we went on the rope—up from the campsite to the southeast



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ridge and then along the ridge toward the south summit. Sometimes we found the footprints of Bourdillon and Evans and were able to use them; but mostly they had been wiped away by the winds of the two days before and I had to kick or chop our own steps. After a while we came to a place I recognized: the point where Lambert and I had stopped and had turned back. I pointed it out to Hillary and tried to explain through my oxygen mask, and as we moved on I thought of how different it was these two times—of the wind and the cold then and the bright sunshine now—and how lucky we were on this day of our great effort. By now Hillary's feet were feeling better, so we changed places on the rope; and we kept doing this from then on, with first one of us leading the way and then the other, in order to share the work of kicking and chopping. As we drew near to the south summit we came upon something we had been looking for: two bottles of oxygen that had been left for us by Bourdillon and Evans. We scraped the ice off the dials and were happy to see that they were still quite full. For this meant that they could be used later for our downward trip to the col, and meanwhile we could breathe in a bigger amount of what we were carrying with us.

We left the two bottles where they were and climbed on. Up until now the climbing—if not the weather—had been much the same as I remembered from the year before: along the steep broken ridge, with a rock precipice on the left and snow cornices hiding another precipice on the right. But now, just below the south summit, the ridge broadened out into a sort of snow face, so that the steepness was not so much to the sides as straight behind us, and we were climbing up an almost vertical white wall. The worst part of it was that the snow was not firm, but kept sliding down, sliding down—and we with it—until I thought, "Next time it will keep sliding, and we will go all the way to the bottom of the mountain." For me this was the one really bad place on the whole climb, because it was not only a matter of what you yourself did, but what the snow under you did, and this you could not control. It was one of the most dangerous places I had ever been on a mountain. Even now, when I think of it, I can still feel as I felt then, and the hair almost stands up on the back of my hands.

At last we got up it, though, and at 9 o'clock we were on the south summit. This was the highest point that Bourdillon and Evans had reached, and for 10 minutes we

rested there, looking up at what was still ahead. There was not much farther to go—only about 300 feet of ridge—but it was narrower and steeper than it had been below, and, though not impossible looking, would certainly not be easy. On the left, as before, was the precipice falling away to the Western Cwm, 8,000 feet below, where we could now see the tiny dots that were the tents of Camp Four. And on the right were still the snow cornices, hanging out over a 10,000-foot drop to the Kangshung Glacier. If we were to get to the top it would have to be along a narrow twisting line between precipice and cornices: never too far to the left, never too far to the right—or it would be the end of us.

One thing we had eagerly been waiting for happened on the south summit. Almost at the same moment we each came to the end of the first of our two bottles of oxygen, and now we were able to dump them here, which reduced the weight we were carrying from 30 to only 20 pounds. Also, as we left the south summit, another good thing happened. We found that the snow beyond it was firm and sound. This could make all the difference on the stretch that we still had to go.

"Everything all right?"

"Ah, chab. All right."

From the south summit we first had to go down a little. Then up, up, up. We moved just one at a time, taking turns going ahead, while the second one wrapped the rope around his ax and fixed the ax in the snow as an anchor. The weather was still fine. We were not too tired. But every so often, as had happened all the way, we would have trouble breathing and have to stop and clear away the ice that kept forming in the tubes of our oxygen sets. In regard to this, I must say in all honesty that I do not think Hillary is quite fair in the story he later told, indicating that I had more trouble than he with breathing and that without his help I might have collapsed. In my opinion our difficulties were about the same—and luckily never too great—and we each



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helped and were helped by the other in equal measure.

Anyhow, after each short stop we kept going, twisting always higher along the ridge between the cornices and the precipices. And at last we came to what might be the last big obstacle below the top. This was a cliff of rock rising straight up out of the ridge and blocking it off, and we had already known about it from aerial photographs and from seeing it through binoculars from Thyangboche. Now it was a question of how to get over or around it, and we could find only one possible way. This was along a steep narrow gap between one side of the rock and the inner side of an adjoining cornice, and Hillary, now going first, worked his way up it, slowly and carefully, to a sort of platform above. While climbing, he had to press backwards with his feet against the cornice, and I belayed him from below as strongly as I could, for there was great danger of the ice giving way. Luckily, however, it did not. Hillary got up safely to the top of the rock and then held the rope while I came after.

Here again I must be honest and say that I do not feel his account, as told in *The Conquest of Everest*, is wholly accurate. For one thing, he has written that this gap up the rock wall was about 40 feet high, but in my judgment it was little more than 15. Also, he gives the impression that it was only he who really climbed it on his own, and that he then practically pulled me so that I "finally collapsed exhausted at the top, like a giant fish when it has just been hauled from the sea after a terrible struggle." Since then I have heard plenty about that fish, and I admit I do not like it. For it is the plain truth that no one pulled or hauled me up the gap. I climbed it myself, just as Hillary had done; and if he was protecting me with the rope while I was doing it, this was no more than I had done for him.

In speaking of this I must make one thing very plain. Hillary is my friend. He is a fine climber and a fine man, and I am proud to have gone with him to the top of Everest. But I do feel that in his story of our final climb he is not quite fair to me; that all the way through he indicates that when things went well it was his doing and when things went badly it was mine. For this is simply not true. Nowhere do I make the suggestion that I could have climbed Everest by myself; and I do not think Hillary should suggest that he could have, or that I could not have done it without his help. We were not leader and led. We were partners.

On top of the rock cliff we rested again. Certainly after the climb up the gap we were both a bit breathless, but after some slow pulls at the oxygen I am feeling fine. I look up; the top is very close now; and my heart thumps with excitement and joy. Then we are on our way again. There are still the cornices on our right and the precipice on our left, but the ridge is now less steep. It is only a row of snowy bumps, one beyond the other, one higher than the other. But we are still afraid of the cornices and, instead of following the ridge all the way, cut over to the left, where there is now a long snow slope above the precipice. About 100 feet below the top we come to the highest bare rocks. There is enough almost level space here for two tents, and

I wonder if men will ever camp in this place, so near the summit of the earth. I pick up two small stones and put them in my pocket to bring back to the world below. Then the rocks, too, are beneath us. We are back among the stony humps. They are curving off to the right, and each time we pass one I wonder, "Is the next the last one? Is the next the last?" Finally we reach a place where we can see past the humps, and beyond them is the great open sky and brown plains. We are looking down the far side of the mountain upon Tibet. Ahead of us now is only one more hump—the last hump. It is not a pinnacle. The way to it is an easy snow slope, wide enough for two men to go side by side. About 30 feet away we stop for a minute and look up. Then we go on . . .

I HAVE thought much about what I will say now: of how Hillary and I reached the summit of Everest. Later, when we came down from the mountain, there was much foolish talk about who got there first. Some said it was I, some Hillary. Some that only one of us got there—or neither. Still others that one of us had to drag the other up. All this was nonsense. And in Kathmandu, to put a stop to such talk, Hillary and I signed a statement in which we said "we reached the summit almost together." We hoped this would be the end of it. But it was not the end. People kept on asking questions and making up stories. They pointed to the "almost" and said, "What does that mean?" Mountaineers understand that there is no sense to such a question; that when two men are on the same rope they are together, and that is all there is to it. But other people did not understand. In India and Nepal, I am sorry to say, there has been great pressure on me to say that I reached the summit before Hillary. And all over the world I am asked, "Who got there first? Who got there first?"

Again I say: it is a foolish question. The answer means nothing. And yet it is a question that has been asked so often—that has caused so much talk and doubt and misunderstanding—that I feel, after long thought, that the answer should be given. As will be clear, it is not for my own sake that I give it. Nor is it for Hillary's. It is for the sake of Everest—the prestige of Everest—and for the generations who will come after us. "Why," they will say, "should there be a mystery to this thing? Is there something to be ashamed of? To be hidden? Why can we not know the truth?" . . . Very well: now they will know the truth. Everest is too great, too precious, for anything but the truth.

A little below the summit Hillary and I stopped. We looked up. Then we went on. The rope that joined us was 30 feet long, but I held most of it in loops in my hand, so that there was only about six feet between us. I was not thinking of "first" and "second." I did not say to myself, "There is a golden apple up there. I will push Hillary aside and run for it." We went on slowly, steadily. And then we were there. Hillary stepped on top first. And I stepped up after him.

So there it is: the answer to the "great mystery." And if,

Tenzing: Tiger of Everest

after all the talk and argument, the answer seems quiet and simple, I can only say that that is as it should be. Many of my own people, I know, will be disappointed at it. These people have been good and wonderful to me, and I owe them much. But I owe more to Everest—and to the truth. If it is a discredit to me that I was a step behind Hillary, then I must live with that discredit. But I do not think it was. Nor do I think that, in the end, it will bring discredit on me that I tell the story. And so now the truth is told. And I am ready to be judged by it.

When stepped up. We were there. The dream had come true. . . . What we did first was what all climbers do when they reach the top of their mountain. We shook hands. But this was not enough for

their summits. And farther away, the whole sweep of the greatest range on earth—even Kanchenjunga itself—seemed only like little bumps under the spreading sky. It was such a sight as I had never seen before and would never see again; wild, wonderful and terrible. But terror was not what I felt, I loved the mountains too well for that. I loved Everest too well. At that great moment for which I had waited all my life my mountain did not seem to me a lifeless thing of rock and ice, but warm and friendly and living. She was a mother hen, and the other mountains were chicks under her wings. I too, I felt, had only to spread my own wings to cover and shelter the brood that I loved.

We turned off our oxygen. Even there on top of the world it was possible to live without it, so long as we were not exerting ourselves. We cleared away the ice that had formed on our masks, and I popped a bit of sweet into my mouth. Then we replaced the masks. But we did not turn on the oxygen again until we were ready to leave the top. Hillary took out his camera, which he had been carrying under his clothing to keep it from freezing, and I untied the four flags that I had been carrying wound around my ax. They were tied together on a string, which was fastened to the blade of the ax, and now I held the ax up and Hillary took my picture. Actually he took three, and I think it was lucky, in those difficult conditions, that one came out so well. The order of the flags from top to bottom was United Nations, British, Nepalese, Indian; and the same sort of people who have made trouble in other ways have tried to find political meaning in this too. All I can say is that on Everest I was not thinking about politics. If I had been, I suppose I would have put the Indian or Nepalese flag highest—though that in itself would have been a bad problem for me. As it is, I am glad that the U.N. flag was on top. For I like to think that our victory was not only for ourselves—not only for our own nations—but for all men everywhere.

I motioned to Hillary that I would now take his picture. But for some reason he shook his head; he did not want it. Instead, he began taking more pictures himself, around and down on all sides of the peak, and meanwhile I did

Everest. I waved my arms in the air and then threw them around Hillary, and we thumped each other on the back until, even with the oxygen, we were almost breathless. Then we looked around. It was 11:30 in the morning, the sun was shining, and the sky was the deepest blue I have ever seen. Only a gentle breeze was blowing, coming from the direction of Tibet, and the plume of snow that always blows from Everest's summit was very small. Looking down the far side of the mountain, I could see all the familiar landmarks from the earlier expeditions: the Rongbuk and East Rongbuk Glaciers, the North Col, the place near the northeast ridge where we had made Camp Six in 1938. Then, turning, I looked down the long way we ourselves had come: past the south summit, the long ridge, the South Col; onto the Western Cwm, the icefall, the Khumbu Glacier; all the way down to Thyangboche and on to the valleys and hills of my homeland.

Beyond them, and around us on every side, were the great Himalayas, stretching away through Nepal and Tibet. For the closer peaks—giants like Lhotse, Nuptse and Makalu—you now had to look sharply downward to see



Tenzing: Tiger of Everest

another thing that had to be done on the top of our mountain. From my pocket I took the package of sweets I had been carrying. I took the little red and blue pencil that my daughter Nima had given me. And scraping a hollow in the snow, I laid them there. Seeing what I was doing, Hillary handed me a small cloth cat, black and with white eyes, that Hunt had given him as a mascot, and I put this beside them. In his story of our climb Hillary says it was a crucifix that Hunt gave him and that he left on top; but if this was so I did not see it. He gave me only the cloth cat. All I laid in the snow was the cat, the pencil and the sweets. "At home," I thought, "we offer sweets to those who are near and dear to us. Everest has always been dear to me, and now it is near too." As I covered up the offerings I said a silent prayer. And I gave my thanks. Seventeen times I had come to the mountain of my dream, and on this, the seventh, with God's help, the dream had come true.

"*Thugi chey, Chomolungma, I am grateful. . .*"

We had now been on top almost 15 minutes. It was time to go. Needing my ax for the descent, I could not leave it there with the flags; so I untied the string that held them, spread the flags across the summit, and bored the ends of the string as deeply as I could in the snow.

Before starting down we looked around once more. Had Mallory and Irvine reached the top before they died? Could there be any sign of them? We looked, but we could see nothing. Still they were in my thoughts, and I am sure in Hillary's too. All those who had gone before us were in my thoughts—sahibs and Sherpas, English and Swiss—all the great climbers, the brave men, who for 33 years had dreamed and challenged, fought and failed on this mountain, and whose efforts and knowledge and experience had made our victory possible. Our companions below were in my thoughts, for without them, too—without their help and sacrifice—we could never have been where we were that day. And closest of all was one figure, one companion: Lambert. He was so near, so real to me, that he did not seem to be in my thoughts at all, but actually standing there beside me. Any moment now I would turn and see his big bare face grinning at me. I would hear his voice saying, "*Ça va bien, Tenzing. Ça va bien!*"

Well, at least his red scarf was there. I pulled it more tightly around my throat. "When I get back home," I told myself, "I will send it to him." And I did.

Since the climbing of Everest all sorts of questions have

been put to me, and not all of them have been political. From the people of the East there have been many that have to do with religion and the supernatural. "Was the Lord Buddha on the top?" I have been asked. Or, "Did you see the Lord Siva?" From many sides, among the devout and orthodox, there has been great pressure upon me to say that I had some vision or revelation. But here again—even though it may be disappointing to many—I can tell only the truth; and this is no, that on the top of Everest I did not see anything supernatural or feel anything superhuman. What I felt was a great closeness to God, and that was enough for me. In my deepest heart I thanked God. And as we turned to leave the summit I prayed to Him for something very real and very practical: that, having given us our victory, he would get us down off the mountain alive.

We turned on our oxygen sets. We started off. And though we were anxious to get down as quickly as possible, we went slowly and carefully—down past the snow humps; down the rocky cliff which we negotiated now with little difficulty; down the steep snow slide below the south summit which, even more than on the way up, was dangerous and terrifying.

We picked up the two oxygen bottles that had been left by Boardman and Evans, and at about 2 o'clock we reached the high tent, where we stopped and rested again and I heated some sweet lemon juice over the stove. This was the first drink we had had for a long time, and it was like new life pouring down into our bodies. Then we went on again, until at last we could see the tents on the col and little moving dots around them. And then down onto the easier snow, just above the col, where George Lowe, in the lead of those below, came up to meet us. He threw his arms around us, gave us hot coffee to drink, and then, with the help of the others, led us down to the camp. And finally we crept into our sleeping bags—Hillary in one tent with Lowe and Noyce and I in another with Pasang. I lay still, with my "night oxygen," and tried to sleep. I felt *ah chik*—O K. But tired. It was hard to think or feel anything.

"The real happiness," I thought, "will come later."



IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

How Tenzing tasted the sometimes bitter fruit of triumph; and traveled to England; and how he finally found happiness and peace in a new life



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MANTEO'S RED WARRIORS

They are the channel bass of North Carolina, and when their close-packed schools start running off the coast the fishing suddenly becomes fantastic

by PAUL GALLICO

PICTURE a clear stretch of shimmering aquamarine-blue Atlantic, a hundred yards or so from a bench of dazzling whiteness off the North Carolina coast, hard by Oregon Inlet, the gateway to Albemarle Sound. To the north stretch the grass-tufted sand dunes, rising to Kill Devil Hills at Kitty Hawk, whence the Wright brothers took off on man's first powered flight. To the south the sands curve to Hatteras.

Breakers fringe the desolate shore where wild ponies and cattle are sometimes still seen. Ducks and geese launch themselves in high-flying arrows across the sky. And the inlet itself is a maelstrom of roaring tides, cross currents, rips and bores that sets wave crashing against wave so that small fishing boats are rolled and tossed and made to dance the most alarming but exciting water polkas.

Suddenly and dramatically as you troll through the translucent sea the waters about the boat turn to red-gold as, without warning, you find yourself in the midst of hundreds upon hundreds of living, copper-colored torpedoes. The next moment the lure is struck, the reel sings an intoxicating air as incredible quantities of line are ripped off and, if you are using light tackle, you find yourself with the fight of your life on your hands.

These are the red drum of Manteo, the channel bass, schooling offshore, dyeing the waters red as they swim majestically no more than a few feet below the surface. As long as I live I shall never forget the moment and the sight. As long as I am able I shall keep coming back to it to relive it. For it is an emotional experience as well as a fishing thrill. The rising of a school of channel bass out of the hidden

depths is one of nature's most impressive manifestations.

Yet this is only one of the thrills connected with trolling for this big drum off Manteo. If you ever catch them on the feed, as I did one year, you will experience a 40-minute passionate turmoil that you will remember to your dying day.

THE FISHING AROUND ROANOKE

Manteo and the Fort Raleigh Hotel (M. K. Fearing, prop.) are situated on Roanoke Island, surrounded by Albemarle, Croatan and Roanoke sounds. A causeway connects it to the thin skin of the Carolina beach below Kitty Hawk and Nags Head. It lies some 90 miles southeast of Norfolk, Va. and is reached via State Highway 170, which later joins up with U.S. Interstate Highway 158. It is a tidy little town

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RED WARRIORS

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riddled with history and surrounded by legend as well as nostalgic pine-and-marsh country.

Sir Walter Raleigh colonized this part of Carolina in 1585. Sir Francis Drake touched there, as did Sir Richard Grenville. It was at the northern tip of Roanoke Island that the drama of the lost colony was played, the unsolved mystery of what became of 15 persons left by Grenville. This is the birthplace of Virginia Dare, first English child born on the American continent. "Captain" Edward Teach, the notorious pirate Blackbeard, plied his nefarious trade in these waters. And the last time I was there, the telegrapher who flashed the first stories of the flight of the Wright brothers and preserved the original manuscripts of the reporters covering the event was still living and working his bag in Manteo.

History, scenery, wildlife are there galore. But if it is fishing thrill and drama you are after, the environs of Manteo from about April 1 to June 15 and sometimes later will be your rendezvous. That is when the channel bass appear mysteriously off the coast from no one knows whence, and school.

These fish, though popularly called channel bass, particularly in the northern part of their range, are a fish of channels, tide rips and estuaries but they are not actually a bass, being a member of the extensive drum family, which in turn are so called because of the peculiar grunting noise they make. To be most accurate the local name of red drum should be used, though I think always of this grand fighter as a channel bass. They attain a length of four feet and sometimes more when full grown and, while big fish average between 30 and 40 pounds, fine specimens will go from 50 to 70. A record catch some years ago was 83 pounds in weight and 32 inches in length.

Call him red drum, redfish, channel bass, drumfish, he is a stocky, barrel-chested fish—game, powerful, with a throat paved with stony teeth for crushing shellfish and two curious agate-like stones encased in either side of the head. The scales are large and glistening and a wondrous golden or red-copper color. He hits a lure with great speed. If you are using a six- or nine-thread line and try to stop him before he has finished his first run, it's goodbye tackle.

Part of the joy of channel-bass fishing is the trip by boat from the causeway down Roanoke Sound to Oregon Inlet, a run of an hour and a half through narrow marshland waterways where lazy herons rise and flap away, kingfishers dive and the banks are living museums of fowl and reptile. Then a plaicid spin on the broad sound while concentrating on tackle, including a thorough inspection of reel, reel seat, reel lock, star drag and release, guides, tip and line. When there are 55 to 60 pounds of irritated fish on the end of a line, it is no time for things to go wrong mechanically.

A DRAMATIC APPROACH

The approach to Oregon Inlet and the passage through is always dramatic, for the area is invariably in a froth and turmoil no matter what the state of weather or tide. The transition from the placid sound to the boiling caldron of the flats at the mouth of the inlet stirs the blood and whets the appetite for excitement. This roll, too, is one of the hunting grounds for channel bass, as well as the calmer stretches of coast north and south. For there they frequently come in pairs to nose for food on the shallow, breaker-crumbled bottom. Fishing the mouth of the inlet calls for a cool and knowledgeable guide and master, good nerves, balance and muscles and a cast-iron stomach on the part of the fisherman.

When you see the antics of neighbor and rival fishing boats in this boil-up on a day when there is a bit of sea running, rolling half under, climbing crests, vanishing into hollows, pitching, bucking, running bow or stern half out of the water, or dropped sickeningly



10 to 12 feet as a giant wave races away, it is hard to credit that you in your own whipsawing craft are taking and surviving the same beating.

I've done my best trolling for channel bass with a Huntington Drone lure, or a No. 7 Pflieger Record Spoon, the favorite of the guides at Manteo, though I have also found the medium-size crimson-and-white Bass-Oreno lure a killer. You troll constantly through rough water and smooth, looking to pick up the odd ones while always attempting to locate the school and run through them. Grand slam is to catch a school on the feed in the shallows at the mouth of the inlet where it will have driven a shoal of menhaden or some other small bait fish.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DOUGLAS GORSLINE



The excitement when this happens is indescribable. A thousand or more copper-colored fighting fish are concentrated in a small area, dyeing the pale-emerald waters blood-red with their flashing, charging bodies as they swirl and strike in every direction. Over them wheel and scream as many wildly hysterical gulls, dive-bombing the fragments of fish torn by the ravaging bass, keying the fisherman's nerves still tighter with their incessant clamoring as they whip the surface of the waters just above the feeding drum to a milky froth.

Add to this the whining of the reels and the cries of "Strike!" from excited fishermen and the shouts of the captains to one another as their boats come too close, for every guide in the vicinity naturally moves into this wild, chaotic area, sometimes as many as a dozen or more attempting to haul their lines through the vortex.

Now every rod holds a fish, sometimes three and four to a boat; lines cross and tangle and are cut; tempers are lost with fish, elbows and shins are barked in the tossing boats. Gear is lost overboard in the excitement, narrow escapes abound and the tempo of the tumult mounts. Never mind what lure you have on at this time; the hungry bass will strike at anything that moves and then turn and run.

Into the shallowest water moves the shoal of frantic bait fish, plunging into the crisscross line of breakers and rip currents, after them the churning channel bass, over them the shrieking, swooping gulls. Following all come the joyously cursing anglers in what is surely offshore fishing's most enthralling hour.

And then as suddenly and mysteriously as they appeared, so the big bass disappear. Lunch is over. The water goes emerald and white again, the gulls retire except for a few floating on the surface, too stuffed to take off. Not another fish is to be touched.

Breathless, exhausted but happy, the fisherman takes stock of his bangs and bruises, his parted lines and above all, his incredible catch of wallowing copper-hued monsters filling the fish box. He may have trolled and hunted for days without a strike. But that supreme moment makes up for it.

There is still one more thrill to experience when trolling with a clever and experienced guide through a risen school of drum in the calm and transparent waters close to the shore, and usually to the north of the inlet. The wily captain does his best to come through the school from the rear instead of head on, as the latter is likely to sink the fish. Sometimes the fish simply rise on all sides of the boat and proceed in the same direction. Then, looking out over the stern, or even better, trolling the bait from the roof of the cabin so that one can look down, one is treated to an awesome sight—a channel bass in the act of pursuing and taking the lure.

To begin with, it is fantastic and slightly out of this world to look back into a school of oncoming fish swimming beautifully and rhythmically at different levels beneath the surface of the sea, all at the same speed, as though one motor controlled them. It is the closest many of us can ever come to the feeling of life in another element and the smooth power of the monsters that reign there.

But now one of the big fish has seen the wobble lure flashing by, its polished surface shining like the silver flanks of a mossbunker going away.

In an instant the drum, which has been cruising, shifts into high—sometimes two make for the same bait—and comes on with a rush that is terrifying in its implications of speed and savagery. For as the hunter approaches the quarry, the enormous mouth opens as though this monstrous opening could engulf the world. Then there is a last lunge of the great red-gold torpedo, the

crash of the reel mechanism, followed by the familiar humming whine as the fish turns and strips off line as though there were no drag to hold it back.

The channel bass in good condition will make from three to four runs before he can be pumped in and gaffed over the side. He does not leap or fight on the surface but usually sounds. Even when wearied he will sulk and give a series of bulldoglike tugs which can unnap a line at the last moment.

The oldest, best and most experienced guide for channel bass off Manteo is Lee Dough (Manteo, N.C., when writing for reservations). Other first-class guides if Lee is tied up—and he is usually booked six to eight months in advance of the April-June season—are Ken Ward, Fred Basnight and Wayland Baum. The address, Manteo, N.C., will reach any of them.

WHAT IT COSTS

Charge for a day's fishing for five in a party, standard at Manteo, is \$40 per day as of this writing. For each person over five, add \$5. This includes the use of a rod if you haven't got one. But if you get excited, lose your head in one of those windings I have described and drop the rod over the side, you buy the guide a nice new outfit.

A six-ounce tip is the heaviest any sportsman should be caught holding in his hand for this fishing. A lighter one with a light line is of course even more fun and marks you as a gentleman as well as a sportsman. If you really want to have fun, take along a salmon rod, and if you get into a school, go after one with a cast spinner.

In fact, it is a good idea to have a casting rod—of the light surf variety—aboard anyway. For sometimes you will raise a school 25 yards off the port or starboard bow, and any attempt to get near them will sink them again. But stand on the roof of the cabin with a plug on your line and you can cast into

continued on next page



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RED WARRIORS

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them. You'll get a fish everytime, while the trollers go home. It's a good idea to buy your trolling lures locally, as preferences can change from year to year. The shop at the headquarters, where the guides keep their boats, carries an ample supply of the proper lures for the locality which have been tried and tested.

I personally like the superior comfort of the Fort Raleigh Hotel in Manteo and its delightful fishermen's bar where I can swap lies after a hard day's fishing. But there are also excellent fisherman's hotels along the beach at



Nags Head, Kitty Hawk and below, and there is now a recently built, hard-surfaced road running all the way from Nags Head to Oregon Inlet and Captain Toby Tillett's Oregon Inlet Fishing Center, thus cutting out the long boat ride from the causeway to the sea (more's the pity). This strip was previously negotiable only on foot or by Jeep or beach buggy, and of course will be a boon to the surfcasters, that exclusive sect that sneers at the trollers and boat fishermen and will take its drum only when hooked via prodigious casts from the beach.

I've had a crack at many a game fish in all kinds of waters. I am writing this atop an alp in Central Europe. I shall come home this spring. I shall go channel-bass fishing off Manteo, for that is what the heart yearns for, the wonderfully exciting spray-whipped coasts of the Carolinas and the exquisite and lovely thrill of the blue waters turned to crimson by the rising of the red drum. (E. N. R.)

FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR

KEY TO SYMBOLS

BO = season opened (or opened); BC = season closed (or closed); BY = season varies by district or water.
C = clear water; D = water dirty or milky; M = water muddy.
N = water at normal height; SH = slightly high; H = high; VH = very high; L = low; LL = low; F = falling; WT50 = water temperature 50°.
FG = fishing good; FF = fishing fair; FP = fishing poor; OG = outlook good; OP = outlook poor.



A digest of last-minute reports from fishermen and other unreliable sources

COMPILED BY ED ZERN

TARPON: TEXAS: A few tarpon in 50-75 pound class were taken at Padre Island off Corpus Christi last week and jetties fishermen at Port Aransas were catching smaller ones; OG and should improve.

FLORIDA: Ten Thousand Islands area was hot last week and should continue to be quite through mid-May, with most tarpon in 40-50 pound bracket.

LOUISIANA: First tarpon of season was hooked and lost in Lake Pontchartrain last week, a full month ahead of normal schedule.

TROUT: NEW YORK: Fine weather last week speeded stream temperatures and started fish feeding seriously. FG, OG on Schoharie River; SH, F, WT 55-60, with scattered hatches of Henslerbrook and Quill Gordon mayflies, stream should be normal now. The Esopus River was in its shape last week with WT in high fifties and good fly hatches coming off water in mid-afternoon, one angler took 14 browns and rainbows in two hours on #12 Gordon Quill fly at Crook Brook Pond. Monticello's LARRY Dewker landed a brown trout 30 1/2 inches long weighing 9 1/2 pounds; old-timers allowed it was the largest Esopus brown in 45 years. With post-still stills closed and stream in perfect condition the Esopus is the week's best bet.

MONTANA: On Yellowstone and Missouri rivers (over all year) fishing is excellent, with small black flies favored by most local experts, but OP as high water is due when mountain snows start to melt. Canyon Ferry Lake on Missouri River was producing many trout in 4-5 pound class on trolled spoons last week and OG to midmonth.

OREGON: As 500 May 1 snow runoff slowed action; best spot was Detroit Reservoir where 3,000 anglers and over 400 boats armed heavily, with worms and salmon eggs.

PENNSYLVANIA: FP-F in most central Pennsylvania streams as levels are still SH, but app says Kentucky Run in Berks County is the exception; a few big browns were taken from the Tuscarora last week on minnows and Colorado spinners; OG as stream levels subside. On First Fork, East Fork and Bricehead Branch of the Susquehanna at Ft. Ferrell, Beaverkill, was what the 10-archers wanted last weekend but a few rainbows caught wet hour with 16-18 inch 3/16 inch in creel, and OG next two weeks. In Allegheny River area, streams are down to normal with fair fly hatches. OG Titusville section of Old Creek and riffles at lower end of Tuscarora Creek browns from 8-12 inches are taking dry flies after midday sun boosts WT over 50.

NEW MEXICO: 50 May 1 for all trout waters in the state, and estimate 15,000 anglers turned out; all streams in state are SH, F, should be N now; lakes above 9,000 feet are still frozen but for other waters, OG.

WASHINGTON: FG, OG in Liberty Lake and Okanogan County waters, Yule Reservoir, Silver, Loomis, Alford, Hacks, Lawrence, Storm, Flossie, Hance and Wilderhus lakes producing well and OG.

CALIFORNIA: As 500 April 50 an estimated half-million anglers braved rain below 5,000 feet, snow above, and many logged limits before opening day closed. Top spot on eastern slope of Sierras was Crowley Lake, despite gales that

blew most anglers off water by 9:00 a.m. and snow flurries later; top fish was 13 1/4-pound brown taken on slobber spoon cast from shore after snow-storm started.

WISCONSIN: As 50 April 50 the Brule River produced many limit catches of small rainbows and browns, with a few fish in 10-20 pound class. River in C. N. with upper stream most productive, and OG.

BRITISH COLUMBIA: Fair runs of cutthroats are at most lower mainland and Vancouver Island streams; coastal lakes are producing well despite frosts. Best lakes are the Comox, Me-Four, Moun and Roberts; OG.

ATLANTIC SALMON: NEW BRUNSWICK: After high water spoiled most of last week, fishing for Miramichi blacks was picking up and best fish are Mackay Fish, Rose of New England and local bear-hatch patterns; OG.

WABE: 50 May 1 Spring runoff wrecked operation on Narragansett and Pentons, with no salmon killed on either river. Fishing for blacks is illegal in these rivers, but bright fish should be in the streams before May 10, and OG.

BLACK BASS: NEW MEXICO: Last week was black bass at Elephant Butte Reservoir, and OG through May 15 with plugs your best bet for big fish.

MINNESOTA: Lake Clearwater C. N. FG with live bait and plugs and OG. Lake Wapigashie (upper section) reports FG, OG despite slight mark in water.

CALIFORNIA: High winds whammed fishing on Colorado River last week but calmer weather should find bass greedy. San Diego County reservoirs report FF and improving.

TEXAS: Charles Welch of Speedwell, Texas, hooked a 7-pound 3-ounce smallmouth from Negro Lake last week to set local record. Center Hill Lake producing large- and smallmouth bass catches, while Deer Haven has given up several smallmouth in 6-pound class, and OG. On Douglas, Cherokee, Fort Louisa, Watts Bar and Chickasaw lakes most anglers are craggy-happy but heading reported fair.

FLORIDA: Tampa Businessmen Earl Brown fished the Kissimmee River last week using large shiners, caught 10 pounds 6 ounce bass, felt very good, resumed fishing, caught 16-pound 6-ounce bass, felt even better. Lakos, Tule, Appala, 10 miles N of Tampa, and Little Lake Harris, near Leesburg, are good bets this week.

NORTH CAROLINA: Many limits to 6 pounds reported from Blue Branch area of Clarks Hill. FG at Santee-Cooper with peeping bugs cast into shallows paying off for fly-rodgers.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

8—drawings by Milton Cross. 14 through 16—drawings by Andy. 21—drawing by Andy from Salsbury to C. N. 22—drawings by Andy. 23—drawings by Andy. 24—drawings by Andy. 25—drawings by Andy. 26—drawings by Andy. 27—drawings by Andy. 28—drawings by Andy. 29—drawings by Andy. 30—drawings by Andy. 31—drawings by Andy. 32—drawings by Andy. 33—drawings by Andy. 34—drawings by Andy. 35—drawings by Andy. 36—drawings by Andy. 37—drawings by Andy. 38—drawings by Andy. 39—drawings by Andy. 40—drawings by Andy. 41—drawings by Andy. 42—drawings by Andy. 43—drawings by Andy. 44—drawings by Andy. 45—drawings by Andy. 46—drawings by Andy. 47—drawings by Andy. 48—drawings by Andy. 49—drawings by Andy. 50—drawings by Andy. 51—drawings by Andy. 52—drawings by Andy. 53—drawings by Andy. 54—drawings by Andy. 55—drawings by Andy. 56—drawings by Andy. 57—drawings by Andy. 58—drawings by Andy. 59—drawings by Andy. 60—drawings by Andy. 61—drawings by Andy. 62—drawings by Andy. 63—drawings by Andy. 64—drawings by Andy. 65—drawings by Andy. 66—drawings by Andy. 67—drawings by Andy. 68—drawings by Andy. 69—drawings by Andy. 70—drawings by Andy. 71—drawings by Andy. 72—drawings by Andy. 73—drawings by Andy. 74—drawings by Andy. 75—drawings by Andy. 76—drawings by Andy. 77—drawings by Andy. 78—drawings by Andy. 79—drawings by Andy. 80—drawings by Andy. 81—drawings by Andy. 82—drawings by Andy. 83—drawings by Andy. 84—drawings by Andy. 85—drawings by Andy. 86—drawings by Andy. 87—drawings by Andy. 88—drawings by Andy. 89—drawings by Andy. 90—drawings by Andy. 91—drawings by Andy. 92—drawings by Andy. 93—drawings by Andy. 94—drawings by Andy. 95—drawings by Andy. 96—drawings by Andy. 97—drawings by Andy. 98—drawings by Andy. 99—drawings by Andy. 100—drawings by Andy.

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GOLF

**LAS VEGAS GOLF AND GAMBLING
COMBINED WITH CELEBRITIES—
THE RESULT: AN HISTORIC POOL**

continued from page 31

get-together, plentifully fortified by schnapps, where everyone takes part in a friendly little pool on the tournament entries. Whoever buys the eventual winner gets the lion's share of the pot, with the owners of the next half dozen or so finishers splitting the remainder. Inevitably, Las Vegas adorned the custom with a miasma of Nevada lettuce, known in other circles as \$1,000 bills.

At 8 o'clock on Wednesday night, the 21 competing golfers, resplendent in new white blazers supplied by the promoters, sat down to eat a free steak dinner and watch a full-dress floor show with some 200 high-rollers, newspapermen and show business personalities in the Desert Inn's Painted Desert Room.

But the real business at hand began about 9:30, when a Los Angeles auctioneer and amateur golfer, Milt Wershow, rose to suggest to the golfers: "If you want to go to bed, now's the time." The links stars dutifully filed out, save for Lloyd Mangrum. The audience was next reminded that 10% of the gross Calcutta take would go to the Cancer Fund, an announcement which made Columnist Walter Winchell, seated at the choice table, first mezzanine center, beam with pride.

The auctioning began with little Bob Toski, a 127-pound golfer who got rich in one tournament, George S. May's "World Championship," last year. Bidding started at \$5,000, went quickly up to six and seven before it stalled at 10. A gentleman who gave his name as F. Hudspeeth paid the check, but throughout most of the auctioning it was understood that the ostensible purchasers were fronting for syndicates who were the real bidders on the players.

DAGMAR AND DEVOTS

Eric Monti, a quiet teaching pro from the rich Hillcrest Country Club in Los Angeles, was next auctioned off and in spite of loud boasts that the movie rich would bid him in heavily out of pure sentiment, Auctioneer Wershow had to threaten to bid in himself to beef up the action. Finally, the Wilshire Country Club's front man, Carl Anderson, got Eric for \$7,000.

Terrible-tempered Tommy Bolt hit the auction block next. Auctioneer Ray Bradford boasted, "He has won more tournaments—four—than any other player in here." But the punters were wary. Tommy sold for \$8,500, modest for Las Vegas, to a man named Wiloughby.

When Bob Hope strode to the stage to take over the ceremonies he put PGA Champion Chick Harbert on the block. A starting bid of \$5,000 horrified Hope, who announced, "I'll bid six myself." A man named Al Behrstock outbid Bob, got Harbert for \$7,000.

Then out came Dagmar to auction off Lloyd Mangrum. It was obvious Dagmar didn't know golf, only men. As it happened, it was enough, and after a leering start which found Hope characteristically staring down her bosom and remarking, "Looks like somebody took a divot," Dagmar cooed, "I'll get you an eyeglass—and you can see my jewelry much better." She sold Mangrum for \$9,500, and as the golfer himself walked dreamily toward the exit Dagmar stared. "If I knew he had a moustache I would have got much more," she told the crowd.

Now John Daly left the Winchell table to take over. Daly, mellifluous and grinning, sold Jerry Barber (All-American tourney winner) for \$7,000, the minimum price for the night. Daly's (and Winchell's) friend Bob Considine (in Vegas for the atom bomb shot) was next up at the auction stand and managed to peddle Bud Holscher to Carl Anderson for \$8,000 after cutting himself in for \$100 of the action.

Comedian Joe E. Lewis was summoned to auction off a golfer named Billy Maxwell. Joe E., who paused to snatch a drink from a customer's table and down it, leaned out to the audience to confide: "I don't know anything about golf—I don't even know how to hold a caddy. Last year I bought Chandler Harper in this thing. I thought it was I.W." Between jokes he sold Maxwell to Gil Dye for \$8,500.

Walter Winchell arose, a little ill at ease and implacably serious, to auction off: 1) six rindside seats to the Moore-Valldes fight (to Minneapolis' R. E. "Bob" Peters) for \$1,000; and 2) Ed Furgol (to Minneapolis' Peters) for \$9,000. Peters also bought Minnesota golfer Wally Ulrich for \$7,000, which probably saved the unknown Minnesotan from the ignominy of being the low man of the evening.

Golfer Bo Wininger was stalled at parity, \$7,000, when Bob Hope bravely bought him for \$8,000. Radio announcer Harry Wismer rose to auction off

Cary Middlecoff, who opened at \$10,000—highest of the night till then—and climbed rapidly to the top price of \$16,000 which a Chicago toy manufacturer, Chick Ross, ponied up.

Ulrich was sold next and then Gene Littler was placed on the block. "I will accept a starting bid of \$10,000, no less," announced Auctioneer Wershow. "And I will bid \$11,000." Littler sold to crooner Frankie Laine for \$13,000.

Hope rose to try to pump enthusiasm for a golfer named Pete Cooper, who won the Virginia Beach Open. He brought \$7,000 from a buyer named Blankenship whom nobody had ever heard of either.

Mighty Mike Souchak, who won two tournaments in a row this winter and has been playing like a battleship-sized Hogan, brought the second highest opening bid of the night—a hefty \$12,000. The bidding closed at \$15,000 when Walter C. Marty, ex-director of the Del Mar Race Track and before that of Caliente, bought him.

A PIECE OF THE LOOT

Art Wall Jr., last year's winner, was next up. In 1954 Wall was almost going by default when the Desert Inn owner, Wilbur Clark, bid him in at a measly \$3,500, thus winning \$49,626. This year Clark had to bid considerably higher—\$12,500—to get Wall again.

Sam Snead was the final auction of the night. Although he was pestered by chronic putter trouble during practice, Sam still brought the night's highest opening bid (\$15,000) and the night's highest price at \$18,000. The \$18,000 bidder was found to be too drunk to sign a check and Sam was sold again to a sober millionaire—Morris Kleinman, a partner of Wilbur Clark's in the Desert Inn—for \$17,000. Hope was properly scornful of the drunk but delighted when he turned around to see that the first \$200,000 Calcutta in history had been brought off.

Like jockeys, Vegas winners are customarily rewarded with 10% of their backers' profits. On Sunday afternoon handsome young Gene Littler dropped a \$72,900 putt on the 18th for Frankie Laine and wound up with an 8-under-par 280 for first money of \$10,000 plus whatever cut Laine decreed. Sam Snead, highest-priced golfer in the event, staggered to a tie for eleventh. Perhaps big Mike Souchak summed it all up right when he met a friend at the hotel cigar stand just after the auction. "Hey," he said, "I hear some crazy guy paid \$15,000 for me in the Calcutta."

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BOXING

by BUDD SCHULBERG

IN THE CASE OF COCKELL VS.
MARCIANO, SI'S BOXING MAN
FORESEES NO RETURN OF.
BRITAIN'S ANCIENT GLORY

AN ENGLISH HEAVYWEIGHT has come over to the States for a visit. While he's here he hopes to win the championship of the world. He has a better chance of accomplishing that than Archie Moore, Nino Valdes, Bob Baker or any of the other challengers, because the latest importation from the far shore is being allowed to meet our champion, Rocky Marciano, in San Francisco on May 16.

This may signal a victory for modesty over brashness, for while Archie Moore, the light heavyweight champion, has gone around the country beating a big bass drum for Archie Moore, Cockell has remained quietly on his English farm, raising pigs, growing fat and waiting for the gods and the IBC (two separate organizations though sometimes confused) to wave their magic wand over his stoutish figure and wisp him off to San Francisco for his night of glory. On the other hand, there is a school of thought which contends that even if Archie Moore out-silenced and out-humbled Don Cockell, the pig farmer with the soft Battersea accent would still have gotten the shot, because Al Weill, the last of the Medici, has a soft spot in his heart for Englishmen who can't hit too hard and who are unable to do any better against Roland La Starza than

to squeeze through a hometown London decision. That is what Cockell-and-muscles did a year ago, slap through to a decision that turned Roland La Starza against the United Kingdom.

The champion of England hasn't much of a record. He has outpointed Elizabethan heavyweights like Johnny Williams and Johnny Arthur for the high-sounding but factually plebeian Empire championship. In three fights with Jack Hurley's aging and fading heavyweight Harry Matthews, Cockell won a couple of close ones and was finally credited with an eight-round knockout when Harry's aching and ancient back began to give way on him. Cockell hasn't knocked out anybody else recently except the venerable Tommy Farr, who happens to be the last Britisher to have had a go at the big title. Farr tried it with Louis 18 years ago and scored a moral or a Pyrrhic, or some kind of a non-victorious triumph by remaining on his feet the full 15. This was hailed the world over as an accomplishment of rare significance, for the truth was that English fist fighting, especially among the big ones, had plain gone to hell in the 20th Century, and a British heavyweight who could maintain a vertical position over 10 or 15 rounds was credited with

continued on page 50





DAYTONA BEACH Chrysler Corporation cars sweep first and second places in National Stock car races. Chrysler "300" (top picture) breaks record in "Flying Mile" (127.38 mph) and 160-mile Grand Nationals (92.05 mph). De Soto (below) speeds to first place over all cars in its displacement class (112.29 mph).

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BOXING

continued from page 48

courage above and beyond the call of duty and qualified for a V.C.

Describing a man as a British heavyweight has become something less than a compliment in this century, which has seen such stand-up, knocked-down specimens as Joe Beckett and Bombardier Wells, vintage World War I, who were both flattened twice by Carpenter. That Frenchman didn't help Franco-British relations by scoring three one-round KO's over the London prizes; the Bombardier stoutly hung on until the 4th the first time he was in there with the Parisian middleweight. A decade later there was Phil Scott, who boxed quite well but seemed to resent being hit to the body. Phanting Phil, they used to call him. More recently there was Bruce Woodcock, another Empire champion, who was being touted by his countrymen not so many years ago as a coming champion of the world. He also visited our shores and turned out to be a stand-up straight-left boxer with a chin of pure porcelain. Tami Mauriello dumped him in five and that was the last of that Empire champion except for a couple of appearances with Lee Oma and Lee Savold that would be described more appropriately in *Theatre Arts* than in a magazine devoted to competitive sport.

A DEBT TO THE ENGLISH

In the previous century it was altogether different. Prize fighting owes its resurgence to the English, who were stirred by the remarkable courage and endurance and ferocity of such bare-knuckle heroes as Daniel Mendoza, Tom Cribb, Tom Sayers and Jem Mace. These were men who stood up for two or three hours and fought effectively with blinded eyes, broken arms and injuries that could only be endured with superhuman pride.

In this century that sort of valor seems to have been inherited by such American champions as Corbett and Dempsey, Louis and Marciano. Whether our British visitor is of that mettle remains to be seen.

Along Piccadilly the London buffs may like to think of Cockell as a throwback to the glorious days when Britannia ruled the waves and a champion of England ruled the ring. But on Eighth Avenue, where feeling for the English prize ring tradition does not run high, my connection says they're laying 6-1 that Cockell is just another imported stiff. (KWE)

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HORSES

by ALBION HUGHES

A SAD DAY FOR BOSTON DOGE;
A BIG NEW YEAR, PERHAPS, FOR
BELMONT; AND A THOUGHTFUL
PICK FOR THE KENTUCKY DERBY

THEN CERTAINLY didn't turn out to be the magic number for either the Dodgers or Boston Dogs this spring. The Dogs, who had beaten everything in sight until last Saturday's Swift at Belmont, went down trying to make it 11 in a row. More than 46,000 people turned out to make the little Beantown colt the favorite, but both Nance's Lad and Informant came in ahead of him. It may have been the off track, it may have been that he was short a work, for he had cut himself winning the Governor's Gold Cup at Bowie.

However one defeat is no disgrace—after all, both Man o' War and Native Dancer lost once. So I expect to see Boston Dogs win a lot more races. I think he'll win at a mile—a distance he has not yet tried—and in good company.

The Swift climaxed the first week of Belmont's 50th, or Golden Anniversary, meeting, and now that the Jockey Club plan to modernize and enlarge the track is really getting under way since Governor Harriman signed it into law, it will be the last at the track in its present form. The proposed changes at Belmont will mark the end of an era during which racing weathered two world wars, a reform government in New York which outlawed betting and two depressions.

When the track opened in 1905 Edward VII was king of England, Theodore Roosevelt was president of the United States and George M. Cohan was singing *It's a Grand Old Day*.

The constant in the intervening years has been top horses and top people. Belmont has always attracted both. Its stakes, which have made racing history, include such classics as the Jerome, founded in 1866; the Futurity, used as a gauge of 2-year-old quality for half a century and, of course, the Belmont, the oldest and longest leg of the triple crown. This stake, more coveted by breeders than the Kentucky Derby and the Preakness put together, has never been as vigorously press-gauged as the Derby, but has been won by more great horses and has produced more great sires.

Through the years the steeplechases at Belmont have been an exciting part

of each day's card. When and if the new track is built there will be a new jump course. This despite the fact that the advent of pari-mutuel betting brought hordes of new two-dollar bettors who showed their disapproval of jump races by pinning their money in their pockets whenever one came along. But Belmont management was never intimidated. Steeplechases continued and the only concession made to the public was the elimination of jump races on Saturdays.

AN INTERNATIONAL FLAVOR

Even this concession will be forgotten this year when, on Saturday, May 21, the International Chase will be run. To give it a truly international flavor Belmont has again invited four foreign horses to participate and in picking up the check, France will be represented by Projectile, Italy by the French Machiavel from the stable of Signor Ettore Tagliabue, who races an impressive string of French-breds all over Europe. From England comes Chatham. And the Irish entry is Joseph McGrath's Beechpark.

Once again this Saturday those champion foes, Nashua and Summer Tan, meet—this time in the Kentucky Derby. I am rather unconvinced by Nashua's victory in the Wood Memorial and think perhaps Summer Tan—who had only one race to Nashua's three—was a bit short. There is no disputing Nashua's drive and power, and if he should win the Derby he will probably go on to take the other two legs of the triple crown.

Come Derby time a lot of hopeful people always try to knock down the favorite. Anyone wanting to go beyond Nashua and Summer Tan might try Cain Hoy's Flying Fury, winner of the Champagne, whose stablemate Racing Fool won the Blue Grass last week. Around his stable he's considered six to eight lengths better than Racing Fool. And don't forget California did it last year with Determine. This year the West has Swaps, Shoemaker's choice—but not mine. For the Derby, I'm a Summer Tan man. (END)

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BASEBALL

by ROBERT CREAMER

THE TIGERS WON SEVEN STRAIGHT
TO BECOME KINGS FOR A DAY, BUT
NEITHER DETROIT NOR ANYONE
ELSE FORESAW CRAZY SUNDAY

ALTHOUGH the Detroit Tigers ended their wonderful winning streak last Sunday (seven straight victories may not sound particularly wonderful to you, but a team that hasn't been in the first division since 1950 has different values), they lost little of their newly acquired popularity. Almost every season since radio and then television took to sending detailed, personal reports of big league games to the outcountry, one ball club or another of the 16 in the majors has caught the imagination and affection of the country's baseball fans and become a sort of national favorite, everybody's team. In 1941 it was the Dodgers, on their way to Brooklyn's first pennant in 21 years. In 1949 it was the injury-riddled Yankees, beating out the powerful Boston Red Sox in Casey Stengel's first year as manager. In 1953 it was the sensational "new" Milwaukee Braves. This year it seems to be the Tigers.

It's not hard to understand. The Tigers are an exciting ball team, a young club on its way up. This year, because of a serious scarcity of pitching depth, the Tigers are not likely to finish higher than fourth but next year or the year after, watch out.

Right now the brightest Tiger of all is a slender young outfielder named Albert Kalline (rhymes with day line) who won't be old enough to vote until December 19. Kalline is six-one and weighs about 175 pounds, which is 20 pounds more than he weighed last season, his first with Detroit after signing a contract for a \$35,000 bonus. He hit only four home runs all last year, compared to five in the first 14 games this year, with three coming in one game and two in one inning. The extra weight seems to have added extra power.

THE REAL THING

Kalline looks like the real thing, a great fielder with a superb arm, a hitter of tremendous potential. Paul Richards, the gimlet-eyed manager of the Baltimore Orioles, said last week, "Kalline can do more things well than most players in the league today. He

won't fall far short of Joe DiMaggio."

Manager Bucky Harris of the Tigers, who has been a major league manager through more seasons than any other man in baseball history excepting only Connie Mack and John McGraw and who has no illusions, not even about Detroit's chances this year, beams when he talks about Kalline.

"Isn't he something to watch?" Harris says, just like a fan.

John Lardner, the Esthete, had an article on the same theme in *The New York Times Magazine* a few weeks ago in which he talked about players he liked to see, the great players, the ones with style and imagination and accomplishment. Kalline was on Lardner's list, after only one season in the majors.

The Tigers were spectacular in their streak, which improved their season's record from three wins and five losses to ten and five and their position in the league standings from sixth place to first, and they were spectacular in their departure from it, though in a differ-

ent way. They fought hard against the Yankees last Sunday, trying to break through Bob Turley's fast ball. They stayed close for a while and almost caught up in the seventh inning when Ned Garver smacked a long drive over Mickey Mantle's head in center field with two out, two men on base and the score 2-1 Yankees. But Mantle raced back and caught the ball and in the next inning, the eighth, the Yankees scored three runs to go ahead 5-1.

The streak was just about dead. If any Tiger fan was not sure it was dead then, he was in the ninth when the Tiger infield trampled it to oblivion in a splendid *Götterdämmerung*. Short-stop Harvey Kuenn bobbled Turley's grounder to start the inning. Catcher Frank House dropped a pop foul hit by Hank Bauer. Bauer then grounded meekly to Third Baseman Ray Boone but Boone booted it. With men on first and second and no one out, Andy Carney hit a double-play grounder Boone's way. Ray scooped it up, threw to Fred Hatfield at second for the force, but Hatfield, right in the spirit of things, threw wild past first for Detroit's fourth error of the inning.

Well, it could have happened to anyone, especially after the strain of winning seven in a row. But no one would blame Van Fletcher, the rookie who pitched the ninth, if he were to ask, "But why did it happen to me?"

It was a crazy Sunday anyway, one
continued on page 54



"They told me this was a robin redbreast call!"



THE MEASURE OF PROTECTION

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GONE ARE THE DAYS

Humorist Smith, in an analytical mood, consults the books and learns that ballplayers aren't the hicks he thought they were

by **H. ALLEN SMITH**

of those lush spring days when baseball runs slightly amok. In Cleveland the 36-year-old Bobby Feller pitched a brilliant one-hit shutout in the first game of a double-header against the Boston Red Sox. Twenty-one-year-old Herb Score, called the "new Feller" by Cleveland press-agency, followed Bob in the second game and struck out 16 men, only two off Feller's 17-year-old record. Who can remember another double-header with two such remarkable pitching performances?

In New York, John Antonelli, who needs only adversity to demonstrate how fine a pitcher he has become, threw a six-hit 16-inning game against the Redlegs, who had been stunned once already that day in a mild train wreck near Thorndale, Pa., as they were making their way from Pittsburgh to New York.

NO BALL FOUR

The Giants won for Antonelli in the last of the 16th when a long fly off the outfield wall scored the winning run from third. How the winning run got to third fits the pattern of the day: Whitey Lockman was on second base with one out when the Redlegs, the snug new catcher's box notwithstanding, decided to walk Don Mueller intentionally. But on the fourth pitch Mueller reached out and smacked the ball into left field for a base hit that surprised Lockman almost as much as it did the Redlegs. Nevertheless, Whitey got to third and that was far enough for the winning run to score on almost anything.

In Kansas City 23,000 fans, still glowing over Bobby Shantz' wonderful shutout of the Yankees earlier in the week, sat patiently through a frightful three-hour, 26-run game between the Athletics and the Washington Senators but went home happy because the Athletics came from 5-0, 9-5 and 10-7 deficits to win out 16-10 and move up into fifth place in the American League.

In Los Angeles, in the Pacific Coast League, fiery Bobby Bragan, manager of the Hollywood Stars, got mad at the umpiring, protested the game and, in a fit of spite, sent eight men to bat, one after the other, for the same man in the ninth inning. They replaced each other after one pitch. The last man grounded out. The Stars lost both ends of a double-header. Bragan stayed mad.

Crazy Sunday, all right. **END**

SEVERAL YEARS AGO some people in Hollywood acquired the motion picture rights to a novel of mine concerned with the doings of a New York baseball team. Two writers were put to work on the screenplay and when they had finished, the director brought it East for me to read.

Unlike the timeworn writer-versus-Hollywood pattern, I was not outraged by what they had done to my story. They had switched the ball club to Brooklyn but that was all right. The one thing that did give me a slight shock was the manner in which California screen-writers had the ballplayers talking. Every one of them talked as if he had been born and reared in Brooklyn, saying "dem" and "deee" and "goil" and "awreddy" and suchlike.

It was necessary for me to re-write the facts of life to those screenwriters and I did it by long distance telephone. I was tolerant of their mistake, knowing that they were both Californians, and knowing also that Californians are apt to be confused by major league baseball.

"Except for one or two," I told them, "big league ballplayers don't

come from Brooklyn. The great majority of them come from places like the Carolinas and Georgia and Arkansas and Oklahoma and Texas. The talk you hear around a ball team is usually hillbilly talk and never Brooklynese. It's like listening to a bunch of farmers. Get it straightened out or you'll be the laughing stock of the whole North Temperate Zone."

In time the picture was made and I saw it. The language of the ballplayers still didn't suit me—they all talked as if they came from . . . well, from California. That certainly wasn't right but it was better than having them speak the colorful and mysterious language of the Gowanus.

Time passed, and occasionally I'd catch myself speculating on the geography of baseball, wondering why it is that the players are usually back-woodsy sort of people. Then one day recently the subject came up in the barber shop where I do most of my baseball arguing. I said flatly that 90% of all big league ballplayers were country fellows. I nearly fell out of the chair when both barbers agreed with me.

All baseball arguments in barber



"Let's find some bar where the Giants are winning."

OF THE GALLUS-SNAPPING RUBE

shops end up with intemperate yelling, and this was no exception. We agreed on the general principle, but quarreled over the details. I gave it as my opinion that South Carolina produces more ballplayers than any other state.

"Sheez!" exclaimed one of the barbers. "How crazy can you get? Most of them come from Texas—anybody knows that."

The other barber proclaimed the both of us to be in need of mental hygiene. He said Oklahoma. So I decided the time had come to resolve the question: Where do ballplayers come from?

Now it happens that in the offices of SI there are certain people who are modern-day marvels, able to do the same kind of work as UNIVAC and the other mechanical brains that sit around clanking out high analytical thoughts. Since this year's teams have not yet cut back to their basic limit of 25 players each, we got together a list containing the names and birthplaces of all the big league players of 1954; we sprinkled a little salt on it and fed it into our human UNIVAC and after a while it kicked a sheet of paper into a box and we had the answer. It was a cruel sort of blow to me because it showed conclusively that the state which produces the greatest number of major leaguers is . . . CALIFORNIA! And after California . . . well, here's the way the first 20 stack up:

1. California 41
2. Pennsylvania 38
3. New York 34
4. Illinois 30
5. Ohio 25
6. North Carolina 24
7. Michigan 21
8. Missouri 19
9. Texas 19
10. Foreign 18
11. Alabama 16
12. Oklahoma 13
13. New Jersey 11
14. Virginia 10
15. Massachusetts 9
16. Arkansas 8
17. Wisconsin 8
18. Connecticut 6
19. Louisiana 6
20. South Carolina 6

And there is my own dear South Carolina way down at the bottom, tied with Connecticut, Louisiana, Tennessee and West Virginia with six ballplayers. And Georgia? Still further down the list with only five. Surely, I



"Don't use all the hot water!"

thought, this California-Pennsylvania-New York leadership must be a thing of recent development. We decided to try it again. This time we put together a roster of all major leaguers who were playing 20 years ago, during the season of 1934. Into the hopper went this list. Clank, clank, whirl, whirl. And who came out on top? CALIFORNIA!

Here is the 1934 ranking:

1. California 33
2. Illinois 28
3. New York 22
4. Texas 22
5. Ohio 19
6. Pennsylvania 18
7. North Carolina 15
8. Massachusetts 14
9. Missouri 10
10. Kentucky 9
11. Louisiana 9
12. Oklahoma 9
13. Indiana 8
14. Mississippi 8
15. New Jersey 8
16. Tennessee 8
17. Alabama 7
18. Arkansas 7
19. Georgia 5
20. Kansas 5

Michigan and Wisconsin were tied with Georgia and Kansas at five each.

So, if California led in 1934 and again in 1954, it's only fair to assume that California has been the leading producer of baseball players in all of the intervening years.

A comparison of the two tables shows that there have been some changes. Both Pennsylvania and New York

have made substantial gains. Michigan, with only five players in 1934, gave us 21 in 1954. And foreign-born players have increased from four to 18. Among the states that have lost ground are Massachusetts, Texas, Tennessee and Kentucky.

Conclusion No. 1: the legendary gallus-snapping rube is a minor factor in major league baseball.

Conclusion No. 2: a barber shop is an excellent place to get a haircut. **CMD**

BALLPLAYERS BY ORIGIN—1954

Thirty-four states, Washington, D.C., and foreign nations contributed from one to 44 players. Nine states contributed none

California	41	Tennessee	6
Pennsylvania	38	West Virginia	6
New York	34	Georgia	5
Illinois	30	Indiana	5
Ohio	25	Iowa	5
North Carolina	24	Maryland	5
Michigan	21	Minnesota	5
Missouri	19	Oregon	5
Texas	19	Rhode Island	4
Foreign	18	Washington	4
Alabama	16	Mississippi	3
Oklahoma	13	Nebraska	3
New Jersey	11	Arizona	2
Virginia	10	Idaho	2
Massachusetts	9	Kentucky	2
Arkansas	8	New Mexico	2
Wisconsin	8	Delaware	1
Connecticut	6	Florida	1
Louisiana	6	Kansas	1
South Carolina	6	Vermont	1

Washington, D.C. 1

THE ROAD TO CHURCHILL DOWNS

DATE	RACE	DISTANCE	WINNER	SECOND	THIRD	TIME
2-19	Santa Anita Derby	1 1/8 m.	Swaps (118)	Jean's Joe (118)	Blue Ruler (118)	1:50
2-26	Flamingo Stakes	1 1/8 m.	Nashua (122)	Saratoga (122)	Cup Man (122)	1:49 1/2
3-12	Louisiana Derby	1 1/8 m.	Roman Patrol (123)	Speed Rouser (111)	Portersville (111)	1:49 1/2
3-26	Arkansas Derby	1 1/8 m.	Trim Derby (113)	Styranner (117)	Shannon Comet (114)	1:49 1/2
3-26	Florida Derby	1 1/8 m.	Nashua (122)	Blue Lem (113)	First Cabin (113)	1:53 1/2
4-2	Experimental Handicap	6 f.	Boston Dope (115)	Sador (105)	Cap Man (112)	1:10 1/2
4-23	Chesapeake Stakes	1 1/16 m.	Saratoga (119)	Chuck Thompson (113)	Mandi (113)	1:43 1/2
4-23	Wood Memorial	1 1/8 m.	Nashua (126)	Summer Tan (126)	Sunny (126)	1:50 1/2
4-28	Blue Grass Stakes	1 1/8 m.	Reign Foe (121)	Jean's Joe (123)	Nashua (123)	1:51 1/2

(weights in parentheses)

DERBY

continued from page 35

mount the favorite in 10—and exactly half of them did not even get in the money.

The more experienced Derby better has often profited by basing his selections not only according to the merit of past performance but also on a logical study of inherited bloodline characteristics. One example of this sort of thinking paid off in 1951 when a 15 to 1 field entry, Count Turf, romped home by four lengths. Count Turf's backers dismissed his unimpressive pre-Derby record but gave him their support largely because of his noble breeding. You see, Count Turf's grandsire, Reign Count, won the 1928 Derby—and his sire, Count Fleet, won the Derby (and triple crown) in 1943.

This year the great imported sire Nasrullah (81, Nov. 1) will—if Nashua, Jean's Joe and Flying Fury all start Saturday—be represented by three sons in this select field. Among Nasrullah's notable progeny are Noor, a four-time winner over Citation in 1950, and Never Say Die, winner of the 1954 Epsom Derby and St. Leger—proof enough that his sons can go a distance of ground and go it at a winning clip. Of the three Nasrullahs mentioned, Nashua comes to this race with the best credentials: 10 wins in 12 starts and earnings of \$477,440. His recent Wood Memorial win over Summer Tan (whom he has now defeated in four of their five encounters) stamped Nashua as a colt with both magnetic appeal and the stamina and heart of a true champion—to say nothing of the fact that, already 15th on the all-time earnings list, he is the richest horse ever to seek a Kentucky Derby victory. When Citation, the No. 1 money

earner with a final total of \$1,065,769, came up to his 1948 Derby he had already won \$248,430.

Just as Nashua's background is becoming better known every day, Summer Tan's blood heritage is familiar to every horseman. His sire, Heliopolis, is a son of Hyperion who produced the 1944 Derby winner Pensive, and whose grandson, Ponder, accounted for the 1949 Derby. Summer Tan's dam is Miss Zibby, whose sire was the 1933 Derby winner Omaha, a son of the 1930 Derby winner Gallant Fox.

The tentative Derby field, however, is filled by others well equipped with aristocratic birth certificates. Should Ben Jones, for example, decide to saddle a Calumet Farm eligible, he would call on Trentonian, a son of Bull Lea, who already has sent out two Derby-winning sons—Citation and Hill Gail (1952). And if Honey's Alibi, a California-raised colt, should accept the issue he will get some fine support if only for the reason that his sire, Alibhai, also sired last year's Derby winner Determine. Noor, still a world record holder over classic distances, may be represented by Prince Noor. The 1947 Derby winner Jet Pilot has an eligible son in Racing Fool, half of an entry (with Flying Fury) of Harry F. Guggenheim's Cain Hoy Stable which turned the unturnable tables on undefeated Native Dancer in the Derby of 1953.

It was inevitable, of course, that some of the better 3-year-olds would not make it to the Downs starting gate. Some, such as Blue Ruler (another son of Nasrullah) and Roman Patrol, were beset by minor training pitfalls. Others had reasons of a different nature. Two Boston brothers, Paul and Frank Andolino, own a speed demon called Boston Dope. The colt has been accused by some of ducking a meeting with his top-rated contempo-

raries. At the same time he has been hailed as the most shrewdly managed horse in the country. The Andolinos are keeping him on a special program: sprints. They see no reason to send him a mile and a quarter under 126 pounds until he's ready—which may be never. Boston Dope likes his special program. He has lost only one of 11 races.

Another strong Derby contender dropped along the way was Saratoga. His trainer, Frank Bonsal, was perfectly frank to explain why: "We ran against Nashua twice in Florida and couldn't beat him. I'm not sure Saratoga belongs in a race with Nashua and Summer Tan."

THE WEST WILL CHALLENGE

Fortunately for the Derby, there are still a lot of owners and trainers willing to take a chance against the powerful champions of the East Coast. The West has a strong contender in Swaps, who has won all three of his 1955 races, including the Santa Anita Derby (81, Feb. 28). In his most recent outing last week, he flouted with the Churchill Downs track record while winning a six-furlong dash by eight and a half lengths. But should Willie Shoemaker bring Swaps down in front on Saturday, it would mark only the second time in history (and first time since Morvich in 1922) that a California-bred horse has won.

Two other West Coast representatives, Honey's Alibi and the temperamental Jean's Joe, are dark horses. Jean's Joe is a son of Nasrullah quite unlike Nashua. It seems he loves to catch the leader, but is shy about passing him. In his first seven starts this year he won only one, but was never out of the money.

The Derby's real sleeper may be the Cain Hoy Stable entry of Flying Fury

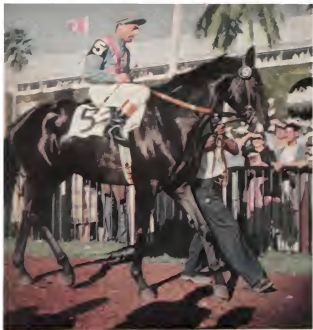
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BLUE RULER (above) and Jean's Joe (below) are both, like Nashua, sons of the great stallion Nasrullah and both belong to the Murecain stable of Mrs. Clint Murecain and Mrs. Wofford Cain. Eddie Arcaro, who saw Blue Ruler take third in the Santa Anita Derby, later said, "He may be the best in the West."

JEAN'S JOE was second to Swaps in the Santa Anita Derby but in California, where the Murecain stable does most of its campaigning, veterans observed that this colt and Blue Ruler, true to Nasrullah's temperamental heritage, are capable of real speed once they realize that racing is a very serious business.





DERBY ELIGIBLES

continued

SARATOGA, here with Ted Atkinson up, is owned by Mrs. Marion duPont Scott's Montpelier Farm. His sire, Blenheim II, has already had two Derby winners—Whirlaway in 1941 and Jet Pilot in 1947. Saratoga, who was foaled on May 28, 1952, is youngest of the 125 nominees for the 81st Kentucky Derby. Blue Ruler, foaled on Jan. 13, 1952, is the oldest.





NASHUA, having already earned more money than any horse in history at the same stage of a young career, might be proudest yet of the comment of his jockey, Eddie Arcaro: "He could be greater than Citation." "But," adds Eddie, who usually has trouble keeping Bill Woodward's clownish son of Nasrullah from dogging it, "no horse worries me half as much as Nashua himself."

PRINCE NOOR, ridden by the Hasty House Farms' contract jockey, Johnny Adams, is a son of the amazing Noor who defeated aging Citation four times in 1959 while setting three world records still standing. One of his marks is 1:58 $\frac{1}{2}$ for the Kentucky Derby distance of a mile and a quarter. Prince Noor's early 1955 form was not up to his sire's high standards, but owner Allie Reuben is still looking ahead.

continued on next page

DERBY ELIGIBLES

continued



Mark Kaufman

SWAPS, winner of the Santa Anita Derby, is genuine California-bred, owned and raced Derby nominee. Trained by Meshach Tenney (right) for Owner-Rancher Rex Ellsworth, Swaps is a golden chestnut son of Khaled, 66 of whose get last year won 156 races and earned \$427,736. Only one California-bred has ever won the Derby.

SUMMER TAN, with owner Mrs. John W. Galbreath's trainer, Sherrill Ward, captured last year's Garden State—the richest race in the world—then narrowly escaped death due to an intestinal clot. A son of Heliopolis, Summer Tan was Nashua's closest rival for 1954 honors, topped Experimental list with 126 pounds.

Bob Landry



ALL-TIME DREAM DERBY

If 21 fastest winners had run the same day



A SPECIAL MONTAGE DESIGNED BY DEAN EAGLE OF THE LOUISVILLE TIMES SHOWS HOW TURFBOOM MIGHT HAVE RECEIVED A SUPER THRILL

continued from page 56

and Racing Fool who have been training for weeks in Kentucky. The last time the stable did this they did it with a colt named Dark Star—and he made their training program look awfully good on Derby Day of 1953.

The starting field is expected to number between 8 and 10, thus minimizing the chances or necessity for crowding and poor racing luck which has so often plagued Derby fields in the past. Actually Nashua's presence in the role of favorite may encourage the opposition to come out in stronger

force than would have been the case had Summer Tan won the Wood in convincing fashion. Eddie Arcaro explains it this way: "If Summer Tan had won easily, everybody would have known that he was a speed horse few could hope to catch. But, with Nashua winning again by his usual close margin, these other guys figure they always have a chance—a chance, that is, that Nashua just might, the next time, miss out by the same close margin."

It is now seconds to post time. The field is warming up so far away that

every pair of binoculars is raised to eye-level position. Stands strain forward in a fight to get an inch closer. The horses are led into the gate as the announcer heralds the approaching moment of decision. The betting has stopped. One wonders how 100,000 people can be so quiet, so intent—or so nervous.

The starter squeezes his hand on a charged switch. It springs open the gates and sets off a piercing bell. Another Derby field thunders away. This is what happens every year. It will happen again this Saturday. **END**

DERBY SELECTIONS BY SIX LEADING TURF WRITERS

EVAN SHIPMAN

Morning Telegraph

1. **Nashua**—Looks like a champion
2. **Summer Tan**—Rates close to top one
3. **Swaps**—May last third money
4. **Jean's Joe**—Holds an outside chance

MAURICE SHEVLIN

Chicago Tribune

1. **Nashua**—Best since Citation
2. **Jean's Joe**—Could take all on off track
3. **Summer Tan**—Will be contender all the way
4. **Racing Fool**—Lot of coverage

MAURICE BERNARD

Los Angeles Examiner

1. **Nashua**—Rates as the solid favorite
2. **Summer Tan**—Fine comeback since illness
3. **Jean's Joe**—Been a bold stretch runner
4. **Swaps**—Can make them all sleep along

JOE McLAUGHLIN

Miami Herald

1. **Nashua**—Strictly one to beat
2. **Summer Tan**—Top form, real threat
3. **Prince Moor**—Will like distance
4. **Swaps**—California's hope

JERRY McNERNEY

Louisville Courier-Journal

1. **Nashua**—Greatest since Citation
2. **Summer Tan**—Pity Nashua came along now
3. **Flying Fory**—Will be running at finish
4. **Swaps**—Good and game but not good enough

JAMES ROACH

New York Times

1. **Nashua**—If he decides to do his best
2. **Summer Tan**—The one they'll have to catch
3. **Swaps**—W. Shoemaker, Esq. likes him
4. **Cain May entry**—Brought along carefully

LACROSSE

continued from page 56

him at the same time and he, ball, gloves and stick all shot up as though squirted out of a toothpaste tube.

"We do that all the time!" Jack Faber, the Maryland coach, exclaimed proudly. "When they intercept we bump 'em quick to get that ball back before they can move it!"

With a big aggressive squad and two potential All-Americans in Ronnie Smith and Charlie (Wimp) Wicker, Maryland is virtually assured of the national championship this year. Saturday, the red-and-white-clad Terrapins edged by Navy 9-8 in a rugged game witnessed by what is reported to be the largest crowd in lacrosse history, 15,000.

WRECKER, WICKER

For Navy, last year's champion, the loss was its first in almost two years, and the main difference was Wicker. A strapping 185-pounder from the sandlots of Baltimore, Wicker was all over the field on the attack, set up four goals, scored another and with less than a minute to play intercepted the ball and ran away from Navy's great football end, Ron Beagle, as the clock ticked off the final seconds.

In lacrosse, there is never any argument over who is the champion. The selection is made by the Intercollegiate Lacrosse Association by means of an elaborate point system. Likewise, the All-America team will be the All-America team, chosen by one central committee on advice of the coaches.

Lacrosse teams are divided into three divisions, and there's as much difference between the top and the bottom as there is between the Big Leagues and Class D. The top teams in the A Division last year were, in order of national ranking, Navy, Army, Duke, Maryland, Princeton, Johns Hopkins, Virginia, Yale and Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute. Syracuse was first in the B Division, followed by Washington College, Hofstra, Harvard, Penn, Rutgers, Cornell, Baltimore, Swarthmore, Loyola, Hobart, Dartmouth, Penn State, Williams and Delaware. Class C teams were, in order, Union, New Hampshire, Stevens Tech, Amherst, Lehigh, Oberlin, MIT, Adelphi, CCNY, Cortland State, Tufts, Hamilton, Dickinson, Lafayette and Worcester Poly. Incidentally a team gets as many points for losing to some Class A powerhouse like Johns Hopkins as for beating some Class C patsy like Ohio State University.

There are two distinct types of play, loosely referred to as northern and southern. Army, Navy, Princeton, and the teams in and south of Maryland pass a lot, with close team work and deft scoring plays. Baltimore is the breeding ground for this type of game. Northern teams play a dodging game with one or two fleet-footed stars zig-zagging down the field with the ball. The southern teams also play a more aggressive game. The annual Army-Navy encounter, each team sporting a half dozen or so football players, is a glorious riot, and good lacrosse too.

The service teams develop their own players. At Army, Coach Morris Touchstone works his candidates out all winter in the riding hall. Coach Moore of Navy can't get on the job until March 1. (For eight months of the year Dr. W. H. Moore III runs a home for wealthy oldsters. "We have a man playing piano at luncheon every single day and an organ concert in the afternoon.") He handpicks his squad from over 200 candidates each year.

First he puts them through wind sprints, noting the fast ones. Then he lines them up in a column of threes, sticks in hand. He throws out a ball, blows a whistle, and the three front men take off after it. The two men on the left work together against the one man on the right. The midshipman who winds up with the ball gets a hearty clap on the shoulder, but it's the man with the matted hair and blood on his stick who makes the team. Speed

and aggressiveness, that's what Dinty wants. Given a boy with those attributes, he can teach him lacrosse.

Not every school has 200 man-eaters out for lacrosse and a refuge from the old ladies' home for a coach. A more normal cross section of lacrosse powers can be had in Baltimore, the home of the organized game. The Baltimore Athletic Club fielded a team in 1880 and the town has loved lacrosse ever since. Though now the public schools field teams, the game was long the exclusive property of fine old private schools like Gilman, Boy's Latin, Friends, McDonogh and St. Paul's. When these teams play, usually on Friday afternoon, gangs of mothers from the exclusive Guilford and Roland Park sections descend upon the field and range the sidelines shouting "Cream him, Donald!" and "Lay the wood on, Roger!" At cocktail parties later all you can hear are indignant remarks like, "Why, they were running through the crease all afternoon!"

Spring Saturdays in Maryland are busy days indeed. Several of the natives managed to see four games April 2. Dartmouth and Maryland played at College Park in the morning, Washington and Lee and Loyola played in Baltimore in early afternoon, Mount Washington Lacrosse Club and Princeton played in the late afternoon at Baltimore, and the Maryland Lacrosse Club and Duke played in Annapolis that night.

The club teams make up another



"Satisfied, Loudmouth?"

ABCs OF LACROSSE

TEAM 10 men to a side: a goalie, three defensemen, three midfielders, three attackers

FIELD 110 yards by 60-70 yards with playing areas marked off into attack, defense wing and goal zones

TIME—Four quarters of 15 minutes each and a five-minute overtime in case of a tie

SCORING (Same as in soccer, ice hockey, etc.) A point for each goal

EQUIPMENT—Ball: hard, white rubber, 5 3/4 inches in circumference. Sticks (called *crosse*): 40-72 inches in length and 7-12 inches across at head. *Crosse* may be made of wood or plastic

PLAY—Ball is moved by throwing it with *crosse*. Only goalie may touch ball with hands, and then only to defend immediate goal

phenomenon of lacrosse. The Mount Washington squad contains 15 former first-string All-Americans. They not only play for nothing, they get out three times a week and run wind sprints for nothing. Take Redmond Finney, who was All-American in both lacrosse and football at Princeton a few years ago. From a prominent Baltimore family, he has never really seriously considered the pro football offers. But he knocks himself out every Saturday for dear old Mount Washington, gratis.

SWEET AND PURE

So do nearly all college stars in the game today. Although you can find any rumor you want to hear about pro-seelying around Baltimore, the truth of the matter is that even the best college teams are largely unsubsidized. Maryland offers aboveboard grants-in-aid and jobs to some of its players, and Johns Hopkins has recently made available five tuition scholarships. Most other recruiting is done in the private schools whose students intend to go on through college anyway. Members of the Virginia team even paid their own way to eight games they played last year—in England. Playing against all-star teams, the Cavaliers won six, lost one and tied one. There have probably been more alibis for this one lost lacrosse game than any conflict in history. Some of them are listed in the 1955 *Lacrosse Guide*. They include:

The games were played according to English (i.e., original American) rules, with 12 men on a side, no substitutions and 40-minute halves. "You try running full speed up and down a field

continued on next page



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5-9

LACROSSE

continued from page 63

for 80 minutes sometime," one young man said grimly.

During the morning and afternoon the team would be taken on a tour of whatever town they happened to be playing in, always by foot. Just before the game every member was plied with tea. "We had to drink a cup to the Queen, a cup to the President, a cup to the Prime Minister, and a cup to the Secretary of State. You try running up and down a field for 80 minutes with four cups of tea in you."

SAFETY IN CROWDS

The games were played with "natural boundaries" which frequently meant the crowd. Just close your eyes now and picture a young man clad in shoulder pads, arm pads, blue jersey and shorts, wearing huge elbow-length gloves and carrying a club, peering out from under a helmet with a wire cage attached, poking around through a late-afternoon crowd of English gentlemen and ladies after a little white ball, and you will have some idea of the difficulties encountered. "You try running up and down a field for 80 minutes with a sweet old lady's umbrella wrapped around your neck."

Generally, however, the play was quite sporting, with the English apologizing profusely and the Americans reflecting the gentlemanly upbringing of the Baltimore private school boys who play it best.

In Canada, lacrosse is a village game. In 1931 a group of Canadian All-Stars played St. John's College, then a lacrosse power, in Baltimore. The Canadians quickly found a St. John's weakness; the college boys went all to pieces when poked in the groin. The game ended in a riot. Somebody decked the referee, and he lay on the greensward as cold as a blue point. A second scheduled game was played the next day, but with more policemen on the field than players, and the magic was gone.

Canada now goes all out for box lacrosse, which is played in an enclosed court from which neither ball nor players can escape and is faster and rougher than the American game. It was tried out in Baltimore, but didn't go over. Dinty Moore once received a letter from a Florida promoter offering him a job recruiting players for box lacrosse. "Of course," the letter said, "we'll have a false floor that'll make plenty of noise without hurting the players." Dinty didn't answer and the promoter apparently gave up the idea.

Even if American lacrosse players were interested in playing professionally, the greatest of them all, the Babe Ruth of lacrosse, is no longer available. He was Jack Turnbull, of Baltimore and Johns Hopkins. A bomber pilot, he was killed during World War II on a mission over Germany.

Jack came from a lacrosse family. His big brother gave him something to shoot at; Doug Turnbull was All-America at Hopkins for four straight years. Jack only made it twice, but he was still the greatest. One time two members of the opposing team got behind their goal and hit him so hard he turned a flip and came down on his head. But he still had the ball and, with one hand, he flipped it 30 yards straight into the stick of a wide-open teammate who scored.

In a real tough Navy game, the score was tied 2-2, when Jack Turnbull got the ball with 30 seconds to play. What a finish! He took out for the goal. Two Navy defensemen, both football players, came to meet him. They both hit him at the same time, but in the split second before the crash, using the oncoming men as a shield to confuse the goalie, he fired. Goal!

"It was the most thrilling play I ever saw," Dinty Moore says. "I almost didn't mind getting beat." (KWB)

ANNIVERSARY



FORTY YEARS AGO this week at the Polo Grounds a left-handed Boston Red Sox pitcher named Babe Ruth, hitting against New York Yankee Pitcher Jack Warhop, belted a ball into the right-field stand for his first home run in the big leagues. On May 10, 1916, Ruth played his first game as an outfielder. Before his career ended in 1935, he hit a record 714 home runs. His nearest rival: Jimmy Foxx, 534.



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even they are hard to come by in the United States. It is not like it once was when Monsieur Poitevin went up astride a pony named Blanche and the courts quashed his wife's plan to out-show him by going up as Europa on a bull. It took more and more each year to wow the crowds, and the carnival balloonists probably reached their peak early in this century when Professor Clarence Bonette used to go up hanging by his knees, explode bombs and finally emerge from behind a cascade of fireworks, hanging by false teeth from a red, white and blue parachute.

Ballooning may be dying, but it will die hard because balloonists have something very genuine in common. They have all enjoyed the only decently, utterly quiet vehicle man ever invented, the only one which will not take a man where *he* wants to go.

This sentiment is reflected in almost anything any balloonist has to say about ballooning. After nearly flopping into the English Channel in 1785, Dr. John Jeffries called ballooning a "kind of stiffness that can be felt." A year and a half ago 11-year-old Michel Fontaine of France was swept aloft when a balloon escaped from its crew. It should have been a terrifying flight for an 11-year-old, alone a mile in the air for an hour and a half, and as something of a hero's reward the local air club gave Michel a ride in a plane. Michel found the plane too bumpy.

"Now for a real quiet ride," he recommended, "take a balloon." Balloonist Augustus Post, lost for nine days in the Canadian woods when he won the International race in 1910, observed before his death, "There is no sensation like floating between earth and heaven with the winds of the world. Some claim you can create the same feeling by par-taking of four very dry Martinis—but I don't believe it." **END**

weekend shopper



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MUSCLE STRAIN

A GOLFING friend confessed the other day that he has always wanted to walk up to the first tee and, without taking so much as a single limbering swing, just smack the ball. Admittedly, this may be a tempting idea. However, the temptation should never be followed. For, besides the obvious hazards of topping or hitting behind the ball, any such sudden and strenuous exertion without a pregame warm-up is an open invitation to strain a muscle.

WARMING UP



The physiological reasoning behind warming up is by gradual exercise to increase the flow of blood to the muscles and thereby raise their temperature. Like an automobile engine, muscles—to a point at least—perform smoother and better the warmer they are. At rest, your surface muscles, which are most liable to strain, register a cool 94° to 98°. Most of the blood vessels that feed energy-producing oxygen and nutrients to the billions of individual muscle fibers are shut down. Moreover, the fluid which makes up 75% of the muscle's bulk is sluggish. With the muscle in this dormant state, a quick and violent movement can rip some of the fibers or tear the tendons which anchor the muscle to the bone. If the muscle is first limbered up, blood courses to the tissue (strenuous exertion requires as much as 2,000% more blood) and its temperature is raised from one to six degrees. Thus prepared, the muscle can better handle strenuous exertion.

TIME OF EFFORT



The problem with warming up is to get all your muscles into a warm, relaxed condition without exhausting yourself. Striking such a happy medium should be easy enough, but few people set about it in the right way. First off, many confuse "warming up" and "practice." A warm-up, if you are playing golf, for example, is designed to coordinate the body sufficiently for you to hit the ball. This should take only a few minutes. Practice, on the other hand, is to enable you to drive the ball where you want it, and this may take forever. Each sport, depending on the effort involved and the condition of the player, requires a different amount of warm-up time. The strenuous exercise of pitching a baseball game may demand 15 minutes of warm-up for some pitchers; others shake hands and they're ready. A sprinter might do vigorous calisthenics for a full half hour before running a 10-second race, but a weekend athlete can limber up for golf by swinging a club and stretching his arms and legs for 5 to 10 minutes, or warm up for tennis with 10-15 minutes of lobbing.

REMEDY



Once a muscle is relaxed and warm it should be used. Otherwise it cools rapidly and can be strained as easily as if it hadn't been warmed up at all. A muscle strain, unlike muscle fatigue (SI, March 14), produces immediate pain, redness and swelling. The injured area remains sore and may turn black and blue. For first aid, apply cold water to stop internal bleeding, followed by a compression bandage. After 48 hours begin using massage and heat. One soothing remedy is to stand in a shower and let hot water spray against a towel draped over the pained muscle. But the best medicine is rest; the more rest you can give a strain, the sooner you can begin flexing your muscles again.

WILLIAM H. WHITE

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

TIP FROM THE TOP

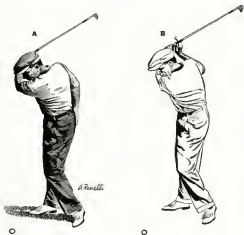


Useful for middle- and high-handicap golfers

from **TOD MENEFEE**, pro at the San Antonio Country Club

Golf, I keep reminding my pupils, is a two-handed game. To develop the muscles of the left side, the left arm, and the left hand which initiate and control the backswing and downswing, I recommend to my pupils that they go as far as to practice making shots using just the left hand (*illustration A*). In this general connection, I like to demonstrate to golfers who are skeptical of the great importance of the left side that I can drive a ball just about as far with the normal overlapping grip by gripping the club with my left hand and only the thumb and forefinger of the right (*illustration B*). In fact, do you know the only reason for the overlapping grip? To take that little finger of the right hand out of the hitting action and weaken the right hand so that it won't overpower the left.

The golfer who lets his right side overpower his left will rarely ever progress beyond the "fairly good" class. Only if the left arm is in control, for example, has the golfer insurance against throwing the club from the top of the backswing. This assumes optimum conditions: left shoulder acting as the pivot of the swing; head acting as an anchor; right elbow in; and the proper wrist-cock and pause at the top of the backswing.



Tod Menefee demonstrates the importance of left-side control.

NEXT WEEK'S PRO: HARRY PEZZULLO ON GAUGING THE TRAP SHOT

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YESTERDAY

BYRON AND BEN



BYRON NELSON and Ben Hogan have won over 30 major golf championships between them, but in their long professional careers they have faced each other only twice in championship play-offs, once for the Texas Open in 1940 and the other time for the Masters' crown in 1942. On each occasion Nelson beat Hogan by a single stroke. Few people know, however, that they met once before in a play-off. This was for the caddy championship of the Glen Garden Country Club, in Fort Worth, Texas, when they were both 15. It was a meeting which had a decisive influence on the careers of these two ambitious lads.

Both boys entered golf by the same back door of the caddy house at Glen Garden. And eventually, through closely entwined if not exactly parallel careers, they gained fame, fortune and admittance through the front doors to the most exclusive golf clubs in the world.

John Byron Nelson Jr. was born in Ellis County, Texas, about 40 miles southeast of Fort Worth, February 4, 1912. His family moved to that city when he was 10 years old.

William Benjamin Hogan was born August 13, also in 1912, 81 miles to the west, in the small town of Dublin. Ben was nine years old when his father, a blacksmith and mechanic, died and his mother moved her family of three children, of whom Ben was the youngest, to Fort Worth.

Ben, a small kid, started caddying at 11 years of age. For newcomers to Glen Garden, the older caddies had a hazing routine which discouraged faint-hearted applicants for membership in the bag-carrying "union."

"They threw my cap, and me, down the big hill so many times I was sore all over," Ben remembers. And his mother adds, not without a note of pride, "Ben had to fight two or three boys to win his place. But, small as he was, he whipped them and no one else bothered him."

In the caddies' spare time, Ben, a left-hander, joined the others in whacking golf balls about the caddy grounds adjacent to the first fairway. At first he tried swinging left-handed with a right-handed club. This didn't last long. An older caddy, Charles (Bill) Akey, now a Fort Worth professional, kicked Ben in the seat of his britches every time he caught the little fellow swinging left-handed.

Ben used to jump out of bed before dawn on Saturdays and Sundays, eat a quick breakfast, and run to Glen Garden so he would have time to caddy two rounds. That meant \$1.30 and tips each day of the weekend. When he'd get a dollar ahead—which wasn't often—he'd walk downtown to Grant's "five-and-ten" store, where they had a barrel full of "odd" golf clubs on sale for a dollar apiece, and make a choice. Even then, he sometimes couldn't find one with a straight shaft. But he got a start in golf.

Byron Nelson didn't join Hogan and the other caddies at Glen Garden until he was 15. He was allowed by his parents to caddy on Sunday only after he had been to church. Byron already was more than 6 feet tall, and thin. "We were all thin," Ben recalls. "Yes, and hungry," adds Nelson.

GANGLING Byron Nelson, at 16, had already begun to develop the slow upright swing which he later did so much to popularize.

IN TEXAS

by GENE GREGSTON

Two of the finest golfers of all time began their careers as skinny kids battling each other for the caddies' championship of the Glen Garden Country Club back in Fort Worth, Texas

The caddies held driving contests among themselves when time permitted, and the boy who hit the shortest drive had to walk down, pick up the balls and bring them back for the next round. "That's why Ben learned to drive so far," Nelson states. "He was the smallest and was always losing and having to go pick up the balls. He got so tired of it that he started letting out more and more until finally he became the long driver he is today."

The big day for the caddies came just before Christmas each year when the annual caddy tournament was staged. After the competition there was a Christmas tree in the clubhouse, presents for the boys and a turkey dinner.

The 1927 Glen Garden caddy tournament, fourth the club had sponsored, was held on Friday, December 23. If there was a favorite to win this event, it was Nelson, who was by now a good 6 feet 2 inches tall and towered almost a foot above Ben. "Byron was a damn good player," says Hogan of that day.

Competition was at nine holes, medal play. The course, one of the few in Texas with grass greens at that time, played to a par of 37-34-71, and still does. Hogan and Nelson came to the ninth green even, and Ben appeared to be a "dark horse" winner when he got a par four for a two-over-par 39, while Nelson lay three on the green with his ball 30 feet from the cup.

But Byron calmly rolled the long putt into the hole for a four, a 39 and a tie. Then came the play-off. Both boys thought it would be sudden death. And on the first extra hole Ben made a par four, Nelson a six. Hogan believed he had won. But officials, after a discussion, decided the proper procedure was a full nine-hole play-off.

Nelson overcame that two-stroke deficit of the first hole, and at the ninth sank an 18-foot putt for a par four to beat Ben by a single stroke, 41 to 42. Nelson's prize was a mid-iron. Hogan was given a mashie.

The thought that he should have been the winner grew with Hogan. This, combined with the fact that once, after he had quit caddying, he was refused permission to hit a few shots in the caddies' area rankled him.

In 1928 Glen Garden members decided to honor an outstanding caddy by giving him a junior membership in the club, and Nelson was selected. So the tall, baby-faced Byron went under the wing of official Glen Garden sponsorship—he still holds an honorary membership in the club—and the little, sober-faced Ben drifted off to the municipal courses to play and practice. Not until recently did time ease the bitterness that these incidents had created. For many years Hogan would not even revisit Glen Garden.

Ben turned professional early in 1930, while still 17. Nelson followed him late in 1932, when he was 20. Nelson was the first to succeed in big-time competitive golf, but hard-bitten little Ben eventually fought his way to the very top and is considered by many to be the toughest competitive golfer who ever lived.

END

LACONIC Ben Hogan was poker-faced even during his caddying days. He was developing his powerful flat swing at that time.



COMING EVENTS

● TV ● NETWORK RADIO: ALL TIMES ARE E.S.T. EXCEPT WHEN OTHERWISE NOTED

May 6 through May 15

FRIDAY, MAY 6

Boxing
● Harold Johnson vs. Julio Mederos, heavyweights, Philadelphia (10 rds), 10 p.m. (NBC).

Horse Racing
Kentucky Oaks, \$25,000, 1 1/16 m., 3-yr.-old fillies, Churchill Downs, Ky.

Softball
Virginia Amateur Assn. college tournament, Richmond, Va.

Tennis
Yankee Conference championships, U. of New Hampshire, Durham, N.H.

SATURDAY, MAY 7

Auto Racing
NASCAR 100-m. race, Hickory, N.C.
NASCAR midget race, Baltimore.
AAA midget race, Hatfield, Pa.

Baseball
● Cleveland vs. Kansas City, Municipal Stadium.
● Cleveland, 1:55 p.m. (CBS-TV* Mutual radio*).

Boxing
Natl. men's handicap championships begins, Buffalo, N.Y. (until May 25).

Boxing
Natl. AAU sr. championship finals, Kansas City.

Diving
Natl. AAU jr. men's championships, Cleveland.

Gymnastics
Natl. AAU jr. men's championships, New Haven, Conn.

Horse Racing
● Kentucky Derby, \$125,000, 1 1/4 m., 3-yr.-olds, Churchill Downs, Ky., 5:15 p.m. (CBS).
● Golden Gate Handicap, \$50,000, 1 1/4 m., 3-yr.-olds up, Golden Gate Fields, Albany, Calif.
● Rosebush Handicap, \$25,000, 7 f., 3-yr.-olds up, Belmont Pk., N.Y., 4:15 p.m. (ABC).
● Delaware Valley Stakes, \$25,000, 6 f., 3-yr.-olds, Garden State Pk., Camden, N.J.

Hurd Racing
Virginia Gold Cup, Warrenton, Va.

Rowing
Adams Cup Regatta (Harvard, Navy, Penns), Cambridge, Mass.
Philadelphia schoolboy championships, Philadelphia.
California vs. UCLA, Berkeley, Calif.
USC vs. Stanford, Los Angeles.

Sailing
Owen Trophy (Ivy League-Servant championship), Cambridge, Mass.

Soccer
English Cup final, Manchester City vs. New Castle United, Wembley Stadium, London.

Trek & Field
Natl. AAU jr. Olympics, San Diego (until May 17).
U. of Miami Invitational Mile, Coral Gables, Fla.
Vancouver Relays, Vancouver, B.C.

SUNDAY, MAY 8

Auto Racing
NASCAR 100-m. race, Phoenix, Ariz.
AAA midget race, Toledo, Ohio.
Sports car rally, Bakersfield, Calif.

Baseball
● New York vs. Pittsburgh, Polo Grounds, N.Y., 2 p.m. (Mutual*).

Golf
Colonial Natl. invitation final, Ft. Worth, Tex.
Cavalier Women's Open final, Virginia Beach, Va.
California Open final, Fresno, Calif.

Sailing
Intl. Race week ends, Bermuda.

Trek
Boardwalk Mile, Atlantic City, N.J.

Trapshooting
Western Grand American ends, Reno, Nev.

MONDAY, MAY 9

Boxing
● Isaac Logart vs. Ludwick Lightburn, lightweights, St. Nick's, N.Y. (10 rds), 10 p.m. (Du Mont).

● Billy McNeese vs. Tony Johnson, light heavyweights, Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn, N.Y. (10 rds), 10 p.m. (ABC*).

Armand Savere vs. Kid Centella, lightweights, New Orleans (10 rds).

Hendboll
Natl. AAU sr. 1-wall singles championship, Brooklyn, N.Y.

Redes
Santo Rosa Roundup, Vernon, Tex.

TUESDAY, MAY 10

Baseball
● Chicago vs. Brooklyn, Wrigley Field, Chicago, 2:25 p.m. (Mutual*).

Boxing
Pat Lewis vs. Jimmy Martinez, lightweights, Toledo, Ohio (10 rds).
Paul Andrews vs. Jimmy Slade, light heavyweights, Memorial Auditorium, Buffalo, N.Y. (10 rds).

WEDNESDAY, MAY 11

Baseball
● New York vs. Cleveland, Yankee Stadium, N.Y., 1:55 p.m. (Mutual*).

Boxing
● Floyd Patterson vs. Archie McBride, heavyweights, Chicago Stadium (10 rds), 10 p.m. (CBS).

Horse Racing
Jerome Stakes, \$15,000, 5 f., 2-yr.-olds, Belmont Pk. (wider course), N.Y.

Volleyball
Natl. Volleyball championships, men & women, Oklahoma City (until May 15).

THURSDAY, MAY 12

Auto Racing
NASCAR short track race, Greenwood, S.C.

Baseball
● Chicago vs. Pittsburgh, Wrigley Field, Chicago, 2:25 p.m. (Mutual*).

Golf
Greenbrier Open & Pro-Amateur begins, White Sulphur Springs, W. Va.
Arlington Hotel Open, Hot Springs, Ark.
Southwest Conference championship, Houston, Texas.

Horse Racing
Golden Gate Futurity, \$15,000, 5 f., 2-yr.-olds, Golden Gate Fields, Albany, Calif.
Carrollton Steeplechase Handicap, \$7,500, about 2 m., 4-yr.-olds up, Belmont Pk., N.Y.

FRIDAY, MAY 13

Baseball
● Cincinnati vs. Philadelphia, Crosley Field, Cincinnati, 2:25 p.m. (Mutual*).

Boxing
● Ralph (Tiger) Jones vs. Eduardo Laastee, middleweights, Mad. Sq. Garden, N.Y. (10 rds), 10 p.m. (NBC).

Horse Racing
Hollywood Premiere Handicap, \$75,000, 6 f., 3-yr.-olds up, Hollywood Pk., Inglewood, Calif.
Early Trial Stakes, 1 1/4 m., Longfield Pk., England. (Final prep for Epsom Derby.)

Redes
Intercollegiate Redes, U. of Wyoming, Laramie, Wyo.

Tennis
New England Collegiate tournament, Williams College, Williamstown, Mass.

Trek & Field
Middle Atlantic Collegiate Assn. championships, Lafayette College, Eaton, Pa. (also May 14).
Rocky Mountain Assn. championships, Denver.

Trapshooting
Amateur Championship of America, NYAC, Travers Island, N.Y. (until May 15).

Water Polo
Natl. AAU jr. indoor championships, New York.

Water Skiing
One Water Ski Tournament, Cypress Gardens, Winter Haven, Fla. (until May 15).

SATURDAY, MAY 14

Auto Racing
NASCAR short track race, Winston-Salem, N.C.
Indianapolis "500" trials, Indianapolis (also May 15).
Circuit of Champions 100-lap race, Indianapolis.
AAA midget race, Manassas, Va.

Baseball
● Cincinnati vs. Brooklyn, Crosley Field, Cincinnati, 2:25 p.m. (CBS*).

● New York vs. Detroit, Yankee Stadium, N.Y., 1:55 p.m. (Mutual*).

Boxing
U.S. of Indiana "Little 500," Bloomington, Ind.

Golf
Eastern Intercollegiate Golf Assn. tournament, Yale U., New Haven, Conn.

Horse Racing
Jersey Stakes, \$50,000, 1 1/4 m., 3-yr.-olds, Garden State Pk., Camden, N.J.
Oakland Handicap, \$50,000, 1 1/16 m., 3-yr.-olds, Golden Gate Fields, Albany, Calif.
● Metropolitan Handicap, \$30,000, M., 3-yr.-olds.
● sp. Belmont Pk., N.Y., 4:15 p.m. (ABC).
Golden State Breeders' Handicap, \$25,000, 1 1/16 m., 3-yr.-olds up (foaled in California), Hollywood Pk., Inglewood, Calif.
Black-eyed Susan Stakes, \$20,000, 1 1/16 m., 3-yr.-old fillies, Pimlico, Md.

Hunt Racing
Natl. Hunt Cup & Radnor Hunt Cup races, Radnor Hunt Club, Malvern, Pa.
Intrigue Memorial, Nashville, Tenn.

Motorcycling
Grand Prix races, Catalina Island, Avalon, Calif.

Rowing
Eastern sprint championships, Washington, D.C.
Eastern 150 lb. regatta, Cambridge, Mass.
Cad Val Rowing Assn. regatta, Philadelphia.
Washington vs. California, Seattle.
UCLA vs. USC, Los Angeles.

Sailing
New England intercollegiate championships (Coast Guard Bowl), New London, Conn.
Fierly dinghy races, Hingham Y.C., Mass.

Trek & Field
West Coast Relays, Fresno, Calif.
Big Ten Relays, Evanston, Ill.
Hopalong Cassidy, Princeton, N.J.

Weightlifting
Natl. AAU jr. championships, Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.

SUNDAY, MAY 15

Auto Racing
NASCAR 100-m. races, Martinsville, Va. and Tucson, Ariz.
SCCA Cumberland Sports Car races, Cumberland, Md.
AAA midget race, Dayton, Ohio.
SCCA sports car races, Santa Rosa, Calif.

Baseball
● New York vs. Kansas City, Yankee Stadium, N.Y., 2 p.m. (Mutual*).

Fishing
Tyrion roundup begins, St. Petersburg, Fla. (until July 31).

Sailing
Inland snipe boat championships, Chattanooga, Tenn.
Heart regatta, San Francisco.

*See local listing

FEARLESS FORECASTS

Sirs:

The articles by Robert Creamer and Red Smith on the American and National Leagues are worthy of the highest commendation. I would like to know their choices for the final standings on both leagues.

You sure chose talented photographers when you went into business!

DAVID BRONER

Detroit

● Each using his own crystal ball, our Messrs. Smith and Creamer came out swinging with these predictions, which SI readers are invited to paste in their hats.—ED.

Red Smith

National League

Milwaukee
Brooklyn
New York
St. Louis
Cincinnati
Philadelphia
Chicago
Pittsburgh

American League

Cleveland
New York
Chicago
Detroit
Boston
Washington
Baltimore
Kansas City

Bob Creamer

National League

New York
Milwaukee
Brooklyn
St. Louis
Cincinnati
Philadelphia
Pittsburgh
Chicago

American League

Cleveland
New York
Chicago
Boston
Detroit
Washington
Baltimore
Kansas City

FINE POINT

Sirs:

Your story on the fine points of the double play (SI, April 25) carries an illustration which shows a right-handed first baseman taking the throw with his left foot on the bag.

By the time this reaches you, that first baseman must be on his way to Class D.

C. BARNES WALBRIDGE

Toledo, O.

● If he is on his way to Class D he'll have a lot of bona fide major leaguers going with him. While it certainly is to the advantage of a right-handed first baseman to keep his right foot on the base when taking a throw (it enables him to stretch further with his left, or gloved, hand), nevertheless the circumstances of the moment dictate which foot to use. On a double play such as that illustrated in SI, the first baseman plays deep, has to race in at an angle toward the base to receive the throw from the pivot man at second. If he has time to set himself, he'd use his right foot. If he hasn't, he'll jab the base with the left foot, which is nearer. Happens every day.—ED.

I CAN HEAR LIPPY NOW

Sirs:

The question of breaking up a double play by getting hit by the ball will settle itself.

When sizzling grounders crack a few shinbones and pulverize some kidneys—and star players are wrapped in casts or listening to the games from hospital beds—managers will jolly well tell the boys to get the hell out of the way.

In fact, I can hear leather-lunged Lippy snarling, as he finger-jabs the air, "What's more, any you numbskulls get hit by a ball, an' it's \$106 off the paycheck, see?"

ANDY HOWLETT

Detroit

A LITTLE FRIENDLY RIBBING

Sirs:

Fred Haney's HOTBOX comment (SI, April 25), "The Pirates could be the best last-place team in the league's history," reminds me of the first grader who attended a school where the reading classes were grouped by levels of reading ability.

When asked how he was getting along in school he said, "Oh fine, I'm the smartest kid in the dumbest class."

It gives me great pleasure to deal out a little friendly ribbing because (1) being a Pirate fan (2) being from Shippery Rock, Pa., I absorb more than my share.

DALE H. AGAMS

Boise, Ida.

VP vs. SNOOK

Sirs:

Vice President Nixon's recent fishing escapades in the Florida Everglades (SI, April 25) are a poor testimonial to the fishing around here.

If those snook the Veep is holding are "large," then the bigger snook Florida fishermen have been catching for years are literally small whales.

Guesing conservatively, those snook Mr. Nixon is holding weigh about eight pounds, more or less. A friend of mine recently landed a 38-pounder with no trouble—he didn't even fall out of the boat once.

HARRIS H. MULLEN

Tampa, Fla.

● Oh well, if you're not even going to fall out of the boat. . . .—ED.

continued on next page



ELK CALL

Sirs:

Last winter (81, Nov. 1, '54) Ted Trueblood wrote an article on elk.

We intend to hunt elk in Idaho this year for the first time, but we are at a loss where to go. Also we don't know what might be necessary as far as equipment goes. We have had lots of advice but it doesn't match up.

We would like to get the name of the packer that took T.T. in, that is, if he was satisfactory.

Also he mentioned making an elk call out of a five-eighths-inch galvanized pipe. We can't seem to locate any pipe of this diameter. Will anything else do?

HELEN HUGO

Napa, Calif.

● Each year the state of Idaho is divided into small areas, each with a different season on elk. Additional areas are set aside for a limited number of hunters who pay a \$5 fee and receive a special elk tag. E. Kleiss Brown of the Idaho Fish and Game Department (508 Front St., Boise, Ida.) will send you an elk map and additional information. One word of caution: if you plan to hunt late in the season; within the last few years elk hunters from Arizona to Canada have been trapped by snow storms and blizzards and had to rely on their emergency food and clothing.

Ted Trueblood's packer is C. C. Horn, who can be reached care of Johnson Flying Service, McCall, Ida. The two-month season for elk, bear and deer begins Sept. 15. Horn generally meets his hunters on the Forest Service landing strip in Chamberlain Basin, which you can reach by charter plane from McCall. He will, if desired, provide all necessary equipment except high-powered rifles, sleeping bags, clothing and binoculars. As for that homemade elk call, you can use half-inch conduit, obtainable from any electrical supply house.—ED.

THE HUMAN RACE

Sirs:

In keeping with the rest of the human race, I am often disturbed when someone says something that doesn't agree with my way of thinking. Too often I just quietly sit down and fume. It has happened when I've come across certain opinions expressed in the 19TH HOLE. It is rare indeed, however, that I become furious enough to write a letter. But the time has come: I am now completely furious.

I see in your April 25 issue that four folks from our Southern states were shocked when they saw a picture of Mrs. Leo Durocher, a human being and a United States citizen, with her hand on the shoulder of Willie Mays, another human being and likewise a citizen of this democratic country.

Now I don't want to get into racial controversy with these folks. No doubt their ideas are, unfortunately, far too imbedded in their minds to be pried loose by me or anyone else. But I would like to say this: surely, if our own great world of sport is to be subjected to the tumult and the shouting of prejudiced fools, we have a truly

fearful problem in trying to have the rest of the world play fair with us and with one another. I would like to know what other readers think on this issue.

DOUG MCKAY

Salt Lake City

● As we go to press, 278 citizens from all parts of the country, including the South, have joined Mr. McKay in protest against the letters of Messrs. Odum, Webb, Dunn and Mrs. Kelso. Twenty-one readers followed the latter in objecting to SI's April 11 cover of Willie Mays and the Durochers. A Californian, protesting the original letters of condemnation, took a mock-serious stand on yet another cover (see below).—ED.

WITH A SMALL "K" SIR

Sirs:

To paraphrase the delightful emanations from the deep South that appeared in 81, April 25:

Up until now I have not found anything in particularly bad taste in your magazine, but, by dern, when you print the picture of a Sherpa tribesman on the cover of an American magazine (81, April 25), it's shocking, positively shocking! Sir, the greatest blow ever struck at this country was the conquest of Everest by an Indian (with a small letter) native villager. Your cover was an insult to decent white mountain climbers everywhere. It makes 81 part of a monstrous conspiracy to undermine the mountaineering sport in this country. Sir, examine your position!

RICH REID

San Fernando, Calif.

OUR NERVOUS FRIEND

Sirs:

OUR FRIEND ED CROWLEY PROBABLY WAS SO NERVOUS HE DIDN'T KNOW WHETHER HE WAS FIRING A SHOTGUN OR A FLINTLOCK WHEN HE KILLED THAT TEXAS-SIZE TOMCAT. BUT THE GUN IN THE PICTURE LOOKS LIKE A 30-30 RIFLE AND NOT A SHOTGUN. REGARDS.

J. G. TAYLOR SPINK

St. Louis

● The distinguished editor of the baseball-wise *Sporting News* is more than right. Friend Crowley admits to "hardly knowing which end of the gun fired." Fact is, he did get his quarry with a 12-gauge shotgun but later borrowed the rifle as a prop for the picture.—ED.

DENIED A VOICE

Sirs:

As secretary of the National Intercollegiate Boxing Coaches Association, I want to thank Budd Schulberg for his revealing article on collegiate boxing (*The Bengal Route*, SI, April 4).

Mr. Schulberg points out a difference between professional and intercollegiate boxing which the outspoken critics of intercollegiate boxing fail to see. That is that boxing, as conducted in colleges, "is a great, basic and undeniably competitive sport."

There are many Nappy Napolitanos (the boxing coach at Notre Dame) throughout the country who must sit back and see their

sport malignedly attacked in the physical education literature simply because they are denied a voice.

Keep up your campaign against the seamy element in professional boxing and let's have some more facts on intercollegiate boxing to refute the erroneous allegations of our critics.

RAY CHISHOLM

Minneapolis

SORRY

Sirs:

WOULD APPRECIATE YOUR CORRECTING STATEMENT ON TOM COUNTRY OF FORDHAM UNIVERSITY (81, MAY 2). HE WAS NOT THE AMERICAN MAN ON THE TWO-MILE WORLD'S CHAMPIONSHIP RELAY TEAM. THE WORLD'S RECORD IS HELD BY SETON HALL UNIVERSITY, ANCHORED BY CHET LIPEKI IN THE COLISEUM.

REV. JAMES CAREY

South Orange, N.J.

● Sorry, Chet Lipke led teammates Luciano, Kainer and Fletcher to the indoor record of 7:33.9 in New York City, March '42, but no indoor record can qualify for a world record. Fordham's Foley, Tarsney, Perichetty and Courtney set the world's record of 7:27.3 outdoors in 1954. Previous record: 7:29.2, set by the U.S. team of Ashenfelter, Pearman, Barnes and Whitfield in London in 1932.—ED.

I WAS NO FADDIST, BUT . . .

Sirs:

What memories! SI's May 2 YESTERDAY on the Bunion Derby brought back to me.

I was no physical faddist but I certainly could count as a screwball. I was 16 when they announced the caravan would pass through my home town, Giltguleh, Arizona. I ran home, put on my best suit of clothes and waited at the far end of town. I always wanted to go to New York and this seemed a good way to get there. When I got my first look at the fagged-out, moth-eaten, soggy crew that straggled through town, I thought for sure I'd beat them all to the big town. It was not to be, but I kept the name of Bingham the Bunion for 15 years.

HOMER BINGHAM

Nogales, Ariz.

FAN MAIL

Sirs:

When I saw the April 11 issue of 81, I was very pleased to note that professional wrestling had found a spot in this fine magazine. But imagine my pleasant surprise when I read the article and found the excellent mention which I received in your opening paragraph. I am grateful for same. My wrestling honoraries, Lord Blears, Lord Layton and Captain Holmes, as well as myself, send along our sincere thanks and our best wishes.

No other celebrities or sports figures have as many fan clubs organized in their honor as do the professional wrestler. And we presidents work hard for our clubs, enrolling members from all parts of the world; answering fan mail, writing publicity letters and articles for the various wrestling publications, to do our part toward keeping our honoraries' names and pictures before

the public. A fan club president is a very busy person, but I wouldn't give it up for anything.

MARIE GARRISON

Oakland, Calif.

● Hm! Every knock is a boost.—ED.

SPORT IN A GOLOFISH BOWL

Sirs:

Shame on the first-day anglers who turned out at Catharine Creek (SI, April 18). Now no one has to feel bad any longer if caught fishing in his goldfish bowl.

How can these people classify as sports? Hooking trout in the belly, fishing in water ankle deep—they should have stayed home and done the weekend washing.

E. T. JONES

Westmont, N.J.

A TRIBUTE

Sirs:

I want to pay a tribute, in my humble fashion, to one of the finest sportsmen I have ever had the honor of knowing: Ray Amm, a professional road-racing motorcyclist, who died Sunday, April 17 from injuries sustained in a crash during the Golden Cup Race in Insoia, Italy.

Ray was 27 and the leading member of the Italian MV Augusta works team. He was born in Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia, where he had successfully competed in many amateur races. In 1951 he decided to try his hand at the really tough professional racing game in Europe. It was no bed of roses, for he found himself competing against the best racing men from the world over. But he was determined and he was good, and he soon earned a permanent place on the Norton works team, a position yearned for by all independent racers. Since then he had won three Isle of Man Tourist Trophy races, the most grueling and most important race of them all. This race is run in seven laps, making it a 264½-mile race. During each lap you negotiate 219 turns, pass through three towns, reach sea level three times and cross a mountain which is 1,490 feet high. Ray set the record for the circuit at an amazing 97.41 mph.

There were no airs about Ray, and his wonderful sense of humor and infectious smile made him one of the best-liked men in all European motor sports.

The paddock will seem very empty with Ray gone.

Philadelphia

ROY GODWIN



THE LATE RAY AMM

THEY ARE NESTING AGAIN

Sirs:

I wish to thank you most heartily for the story *Fringing of House* by Mr. John O'Reilly (SI, March 11). The pictures are very beautiful.

It will interest you to hear that the falmings are nesting again this year on Bonaire. At this moment there are about 3,600 birds on the island.

L. D. GERHARTS

Bonaire, Dutch West Indies

A GREAT FOCUS OF GAME

Sirs:

I have just seen a copy of your March 28 issue with its fine article *Deer Among the*

Antlers

I was particularly happy to note that

you gave credit for the fruition of the game refuge program at the McAlister depot right where it is due, to Mr. C. D. Johnson. It has been his dream for years, one that he has worked for quietly and effectively.

I last visited the depot in November, 1954, and Mr. Johnson showed me around. His enthusiasm and happiness over the way the wildlife was taking to the area were inspiring. In a few years the station should be a great focus of game for all that part of Oklahoma.

Only one thing seemed to bother him—he had no prairie chickens, birds that used to be abundant there but were exterminated in that region about 1915. They are evidently very hard to trans-plant. I trust he's gotten some by now and that they are on the way to repopulating what used to be one of their finest natural habitats.

M. F. SCHOFFELE

Rear Admiral, USN (ret.)

Alexandria, Va.

● Superintendent Johnson tells us with satisfaction that he began stocking greater prairie chickens two weeks ago and expects to have over 50 birds planted by July. "Success is assured," he says optimistically.—ED.

MY WIFE IS SOLD

Sirs:

I enjoyed your article on the Tewksbury Foot Basets (SI, March 14) very much, especially the pictures. I've never seen one but I'm a 100% baset fan. I've sold my wife on the idea and now we are trying to locate one. Could you please give me the name and location of the nearest baset kennel to Charleston, S.C., which is my home.

LUCIAN W. PINCKNEY

Alexandria, La.

● There are two kennels within a day's drive of Charleston: Coral Kennels, Box 1017, Southern Pines; and the Greymount Kennels on Route 9 in Greensboro.—ED.



PAT ON THE BACK

A salute to some who have earned the good opinion of the world of sport, if not its tallest headlines

MARINA DORIA

Until four summers ago, pretty Marina Doria had done all of her skiing on snow in her native Geneva, Switzerland. But "because I wanted to try something new," she switched to water skiing. Her success was almost immediate. Marina won the Swiss championship in 1952 and the European title a year later. Now 20, she does her water skiing at Florida's Cypress Gardens, placed second in a recent intercontinental meet, winning the slalom division. She will try for the world championship at Beirut, Lebanon, next August.



THE MARIBELS

The radiant look-alike smiles of Maribel Vinson Owen and daughter Maribel, 14, mean the return of a world-famous figure-skating family to major competition. Mother Maribel, nine-time winner of the National Senior Ladies Championship between 1928 and 1937 (she missed in 1934), watched happily this spring as her pretty daughter won the U.S. junior pairs championship with Charles Foster. Both Maribels represent the Skating Club of Boston, mother as a teaching professional and daughter as a star performer who may some day rival another of her mother's beautiful and talented protégés: Tenley Albright, two-time world champion.



Baseball Players Preparing by Thomas Eakins

Courtesy of The Rhode Island School of Design, Providence

Whoever wants to know the heart and mind of America had better learn baseball, the rules and realities of the game. . . . That baseball fitly expresses the powers of the nation's mind and body is a merit separate from the glory of being the most active, agile, varied, articulate, and brainy of all group games.

Jacques Barzun, *God's Country and Mine*

A reprint of this painting and message, on heavy paper, suitable for framing, is available upon request. Please enclose \$5.00 to cover costs of postage and handling. Sports Illustrated, Dept. P, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N.Y.

Free swinging woven leather slip-on
the Pedwin
home
run

Pennant winner for cool comfort and style. Vented toe with contrasting leather strip weave...wide-stretching side gores...kicker back...a thick Cush-N-Crepe sole. Pedwin Division, Brown Shoe Company, St. Louis.



8⁹⁵

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